

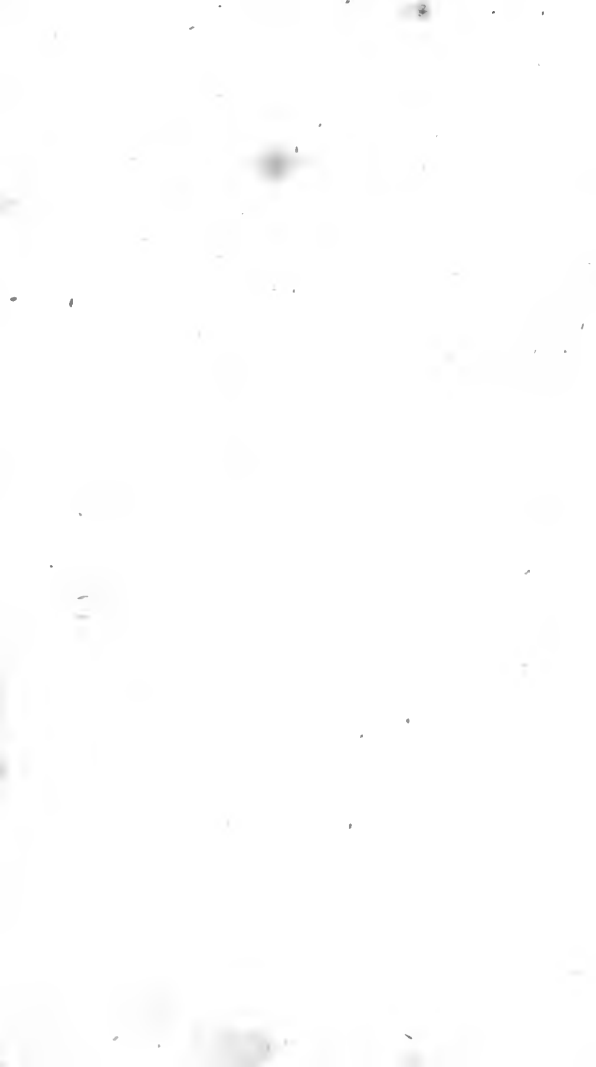
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# POEMS

BY

GEORGE RICHARDS, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

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VOL. I.

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DRAMATIC POEMS,  
ON  
THE MODEL  
OF THE  
GREEK THEATRE.

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TO  
GEORGE SIMON EARL OF HARCOURT,  
VISCOUNT NUNEHAM,  
BARON HARCOURT OF STANTON HARCOURT,  
AND  
MASTER OF THE HORSE TO HER MAJESTY ;  
AND TO  
ELIZABETH VERNON COUNTESS OF  
HARCOURT.

---

“ TURN, stranger youth, thy vagrant feet,  
“ O turn to this delightful feat ;  
“ Here Fancy builds her fairy bowers :  
“ Here Isis winds her classic stream ;  
“ And distant o’er the valleys gleam  
“ Thy favourite Oxford’s spiry towers.  
“ Poetic dreams the scenes inspire ;  
“ And HARCOURT loves the tuneful train.

“ Here MASON swept the founding lyre :

“ Here WHITEHEAD pour'd his graceful strain.”

Sweet to my ear the sounds were borne,

While yet in life's gay opening morn,

Poetic visions gleaming bright,

On Cherwell's lonely banks I stray'd :

I heard, and with a blush obey'd.

I fought the summer-mantled height :

I seem'd through Paradise to rove :

The air with sweetest music rung :

The Graces rang'd each lawn and grove :

The Muse from every thicket sung.

Sooth'd by her song, I careless stray,

While roll the summer suns away :

Her visions all my soul o'erpower :

She bade before my wondering eyes

The bleak Caucasian mountains rise,

And ODIN's pile funereal tower :

Or led in gentler hour my feet,

Where Wye's romantic waters roll,  
 And hapless EMMA, sadly sweet,  
 Repentant pours her tender soul.

HARCOURT, accept the humble lays :  
 The Muse bestows no vulgar praise :  
 She gave th' Augustan times to fame ;  
 To LOUIS, long her favourer, true,  
 When glory faithless from him flew,  
 Her grateful voice preserv'd his name.  
 She too, thy ancient house to grace,  
 Has tun'd from age to age her lay.  
 Immortal, like herself, the race  
 Renown'd by POPE, and lov'd by GAY.





# ODIN.

---

Proxima fideribus tellus Erymanthidos Urfæ  
Me tenet, adftriâto terra perufta gelu,  
Bosphoros, et Tanais superat, Scythicæque paludes,  
Vixque fatis noti nomina pauca loci.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

AT the close of the long war, which the Romans waged against MITHRIDATES, that unfortunate Monarch fled for succour to the rude nations, which inhabited the country lying between the Caspian and the Euxine seas. The Asæ, over whom ODIN reigned, formed one of those nations. POMPEY, the Roman general, pursued MITHRIDATES, and vanquished the several tribes, through which he passed. ODIN, unable to resist his arms, is supposed to have retired with his Asæ into the North, and there to have founded some of the present kingdoms of Europe. The actions immediately preceding his final departure form the subject of the following Drama.

The Drama is intended as an imitation of the manner of *ÆSCHYLUS*. To this cause, it is hoped, will be attributed whatever want of interest may be found to arise from the severe simplicity of the fable, or from the romantic and even supernatural cast of the actions, the characters, the sentiments, and the imagery.

If the personages composing the Chorus should not at first appear sufficiently feminine, notwithstanding the more delicate sentiments which the Author has endeavoured occasionally to assign to them, he hopes, that he shall be pardoned for observing, that he has not considered himself at liberty to delineate them with milder features consistently with the patriotic firmness, and perhaps even ferociousness, ascribed by *PLUTARCH* to the women of the Cimbri and Teutones, who are supposed to have originated in a country not far removed from the scene of this Drama, and whose

manners and sentiments can scarcely be considered as different from those of the *Asæ*.

What has been said of the females composing the Chorus may, with but little variation, be applied to *ODIN*. The Author has been desirous of drawing, not the composed and dignified Hero of ancient Rome, but the savage Chieftain, who lived in a state of society even less civilized than that in which *ACHILLES* was produced, and to whom fabulous historians have imputed a romantic wildness of character, and on many occasions even a phrensy of passion.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ODIN, *King of the Asæ.*

BALDER, *a Chief.*

GLYMER,        }  
CANTIMIR,       }*Scalds.*

GONDULA, *the Goddess of Destiny.*

HERALD.

SOLDIER.

MESSENGER.

PRIEST.

CHORUS *of the Wives and Daughters of the Asæ.*

*Scene on one of the Mountains of CAUCASUS.*

# ODIN.

---

## CHORUS.

### CHORUS.

GOD of the warrior-tribes, armipotent,  
Invincible, Valhalla's mighty Lord,  
Hear us, and save : On these rude mountain tops,  
Our utmost verge of empire, in despair  
We kneel, and breathe the vow perhaps our last.  
To thee we raise the spear, to thee devote  
The victims. On the hills of Caucasus,  
On Tanais' icy shores, great lord of war,  
Descend ; against the tyrant-hordes direct

Our arrows, guide our swords ; till ODIN lay  
These Roman spoilers, foes of human kind,  
Low in the dust : so shall the captive's blood  
On these wild mountains from thy altar stream.  
Sisters, though much the force of holy prayer  
Prevail, yet fear of shame and final loss  
Hath sunk the spirit ; therefore have we rear'd  
The pile funereal, and with arms adorn'd,  
Axes, and helms, and pictur'd shields, and swords  
Deep stain'd with Roman gore, whereon to die  
With our remaining warriors, should again  
Our Raven to the hated Eagle bow.  
Much have we borne : the victor's vaunting shouts,  
Hear'd from the hostile legions, wound our ears  
Incessant : year by year, before a foe  
Triumphant, we retreat : hill after hill,  
And river after river, have we left,  
Disputed hard, yet lost : our empire here



Has end : beyond are trackless forests huge,  
Mountains with everlasting winter clad,  
And vast untrodden wilds. Come, ODIN, come,  
Lead our re-kindled warriors forth ; resolv'd  
To drive these hated foes in fury back,  
Or from these mountains, in the pride of war,  
Descend a glorious band to Woden's hall.

## CHORUS AND MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Went ODIN hence ?

CHORUS.

Wherefore this speed ?

MESSENGER.

I come

With news of highest import.

CHORUS.

Speak its purport.

## MESSENGER.

Ere night, the Roman means to storm our walls.  
From yonder promontory, where I held  
My morning watch, I saw the altar blaze,  
I saw the smoke calm o'er the grove ascend :  
Enrob'd in snowy white the flamen, flow  
Before assembled legions moving, wav'd  
High towards our walls his mystic wand, and seem'd  
Solemn to utter loud mysterious sounds.  
A custom this, I frequent have observ'd,  
They reverence, ere yet tower or town is storm'd ;  
By which, 'tis said, from grove and sacred fane  
They hope to charm the guardian deities.

## CHORUS.

O all ye powers, Woden, and Thor, and Freya,  
Descend and succour : disappear not quite  
From this your earth : let not the Roman gods  
Bear down the whole submitting world before them.

[*Exit Mess.*]

## BALDER AND CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

Is ODIN near ?

## BALDER.

In rage of wild despair,  
Hopeless, yet still disdaining to submit,  
To Hela's realm below the rolling earth,  
To the prophetic priests long deceas'd,  
Swift is he sped. Upon his coal-black steed,  
His mighty shield before him spread, his helm  
Bright glittering to the sun, his mystic sword  
Astolpho gleaming naked in his hand,  
I saw him fly across the dreary heath.  
The sacred grove he enter'd : down the cave  
That leads to death I saw him rush : the depths  
And hollow caverns echoed to the hoofs

High-bounding of his steed. No mortal elfe  
Durst enter. Awe-struck, I retir'd, and here  
Wait his return.

## CHORUS.

O may he speed :

But much my mind misgives. BALDER, I dare  
To die : I scorn the wretch, who could survive,  
When these our towers are Roman : yet a gloom  
Mournful o'er spreads my breast : I cannot hear  
These monstrous engines beat against our walls,  
And tremble not : BALDER, I cannot gaze  
On those my native fields far-seen ; on shrines  
Rais'd to our country's gods ; on these rude hills  
Cover'd so often with our warlike youth ;  
On yon pil'd hillocks where our fathers sleep,  
And on these trophies rais'd upon the desarts  
To valiant chiefs of yore : I cannot gaze,  
And think how soon the Roman may possess them,

Without some mortal feelings, sad regrets,  
That awe me, holding nobler thoughts enthrall'd.

## BALDER.

Wound not with words like these the warrior's ear.  
To-day we fight ; and ere yon glorious star  
Hath set, exchanging place with gloomy night,  
ODIN may feast triumphant in these walls.

## CHORUS.

What men can do, our Asæ, led by ODIN,  
Will doubtless dare : but we are ruins now ;  
The gleanings only of a warlike race,  
Some shatter'd barks, that yet survive the storm.  
And can we hope, thus in a corner pent  
Of our wide realm, with this diminish'd band,  
Though bent on death, and furious by despair,  
To stay the foe innumerable, lords of earth,  
'Gainst whom our fathers rais'd the sword in vain  
In heights of power and glory ? No, BALDER, thou

Speak'ft, as becomes the warrior : thoughts inspir'd  
O'erpower my labouring foul. O hills, the laft  
Of ODIN's realm, mountains and rocks, infcrib'd  
With Runic rhymes, facred to chiefs of yore,  
Ye foon fhall yield to Rome ! farewell, ye plains,  
Farewell, ye freams, that flowing roam the vales,  
Calm Phafis, and cerulean Cyanus ;  
Farewell, ye fhores, wash'd by the Cafpian wave,  
Once travers'd with delight, now to the eye  
Diffrefsful, fspread around with Roman tents.

## BALDER.

See'ft thou o'er yonder vale, in pride of youth,  
Hoder, afsembling, bind with myftic charm  
His warriors ? O'er their heads the lifted fword.  
In ftrange myfterious rounds they circling wave :  
While from each blade diftills the facred blood  
In folemn confirmation fhed.

## CHORUS.

We view

The deed admiring. Happy, happy they,  
Who on the field, their bosoms gash'd with wounds,  
Beneath an hostile spear, midst heaps of dead,  
Slain by their hands, illustrious die. 'Tis theirs  
Not to survive their country. On the pile  
They need not throw, to shun the slavish yoke,  
Their idle limbs. These towers and holy fanes  
They will not hear echo victorious hymns  
Chaunted by conqueror bands. Unhappy train,  
Prophetic of severest woes, we see,  
We see our fate : denied to wield the sword,  
Denied to fall illustrious in the fight,  
Inactive on these hills we must abide,  
In dreadful expectation, till the foe,  
Flush'd with the life-blood of yon valiant band,  
Form'd of our sons and husbands, rushes on——

Avert the deed, dread Spirit : may the pile  
Consume us, ere the fatal hour approach.

BALDER.

Peace, holy train ; let hope, the sweetest pow'r,  
Who shaded by the lofty branching ash  
Dwells with immortals, visit you.

CHORUS.

Her form  
Has fled, O BALDER. By the past, we know  
The future. This imperial realm, for gods,  
And heroes only less than gods, renown'd,  
Must fall, and from these mountains disappear.  
The power of inspiration glows within me ;  
And dreadful 'tis to look through evil days,  
Piercing the dire obscure, to evil times  
Disastrous, such as with a sickly gloom,  
Offspring of blank despair, oppresses the soul.



## BALDER.

The trumpet calls me : lo ! this sword I draw,  
Pride of my fires, well tried on Roman helmets :  
Ne'er shall the sheath receive, while BALDER lives,  
This shining blade, till conquest crown our arms.

[*Exit Bald.*]

## CHORUS.

Would I could speak of comfort, would that strains,  
Of force to fan the warrior's rising rage,  
Alone would flow : they may not : tears instead,  
And gloomy thoughts unusual to my soul,  
O'erpower me. O ye Asæ, O thou throne  
Of ODIN, O ye altars, red with gore,  
Shed by our pious fathers, O ye realms,  
That oft have fill'd Valhalla's courts with heroes,  
Your glory is no more, and o'er your ruins  
Your faithful daughters pour their hearts in anguish.

*Strophe.*

O my prophetic soul !

Impatient of controul,

Thou rushest fateful on through evil days ;

Late with malignant light,

Wild stream'd through the dark night,

O'er Caucasus the comet's fanguine blaze.

I gaz'd till horror chill'd my blood ;

Such portents, sent in wrath divine,

Deadliest of Loke's terrific brood,

Only on falling kingdoms shine.

Threatful, amidst the troubled air,

O'er us it shook its streamy hair ;

Then, fraught with fate, on to the Caspian main

O'er yonder mountains drew its fiery train.

*Antistrophe.*

Beneath an oak oppress'd,

To short perturbed rest,

I sunk beneath the cold and angry sky ;  
Yon eagles, mid the blast,  
That countless ages past  
Built on the cliffs their pathless aeries high,  
Sudden from all their caverns hoar,  
Rush'd with resounding pinions forth,  
Scream'd, as they pass'd yon mountains o'er,  
And fought the dark and stormy north.  
Instant the cliffs, that beetling frown,  
Parted, and roll'd in ruin down :  
I shriek'd, and wild with terror sprung from sleep,  
Then fled, and flying heard the falling sleep.

*Epode.*

Ah ! see where on the savage heath,  
Half hid amidst the gloomy storm,  
And dancing hand in hand with Death,  
Moves many a rude and ghastly form !  
There Terror, cheated Fancy's child,

Flies o'er the mountains shrieking wild ;  
There Flight, Amazement's wilder'd eye,  
And Uproar loud, and Agony ;  
There in her gloomy cave, Despair  
Sits, dreadly fix'd in stupid stare ;  
And there, to all the blasted lands  
Sad Desolation pointing stands.

### CHORUS AND MESSENGER.

#### MESSENGER.

Peace to you, holy dames, and prosperous days.  
I come with news auspicious.

#### CHORUS.

Grateful founts,  
More welcome made, heard after long despair.

#### MESSENGER.

Great Morcar, first of ODIN's royal sons,  
Has fall'n in solemn sacrifice, to soothe

High Thor, and win his all-commanding might.  
Twas on the mountain, with a temple crown'd,  
The warrior god's divine retreat : an ash,  
Rising from out a dark impending cliff,  
Umbrageous shapes the stone. Up to the shrine  
Ascending to deposit costly gifts  
Worthy the god, came chiefs and princely forms  
All arm'd ; who, back returning, distant stood,  
Heading their files outstretching far. The tramp  
Was founded : silence reign'd. Awful suspense  
Sat on each front. At length appear'd the prince  
Far seen. Before him, one of lordly rank  
The crown imperial bore : his mailed steed  
Without a rider, mournful vacancy,  
Proud trod behind. With purple pride of youth  
High blooming, and by gorgeous pomp of war  
Resplendent grac'd, nodding his stately plume,  
On through the warlike bands he mov'd. Each chief

Lower'd his lance. The high embower'd fane  
With cheek unblench'd he mounted, and firm step,  
Majestic. Instant from the virgin flint  
Out flew the sacred spark : while round were laid  
Helmet and bruised sword and ponderous shield,  
His destin'd suit in Woden's hall. At once  
Trumpets and clarions and shrill founding pipes  
Burst forth : the priests, the chiefs, the warrior-bands,  
Clashing their swords against their lifted shields,  
Rais'd loud the song of war. The priest stretch'd forth  
His hand, and struck. Far burst in ample stream  
The blood propitious. O'er the altar wide,  
O'er warriors gazing round, o'er grove and fane  
The sacred drops were sprinkled. From his heart  
Nice observation, rul'd by mystic skill,  
Drew joy, drew promise, more auspicious far  
Than founded e'er in fane or solemn grove  
From priest or prophet. To a piny wood

Nine chosen priests his consecrated corse  
Slow bore ; there on the ash, aye unprofan'd  
By prying mortal, sacred to the gods,  
Proud sepulture from kings withheld, to hang,  
Till Loke shall burst his chain, and fire the world.

[*Exit Mess.*]

CHORUS.

Lord of war, accept our praise :  
Sisters, high your voices raise :  
For our native hills we pray'd :  
The God has heard, the God will aid :  
And dreadful in our van will blaze.  
Lord of war, accept our praise.

2.

Whelm'd in terror, sunk with woe,  
Bow'd beneath a conquering foe,  
We saw the deepening tempest lower :  
But past is the destructive hour :

And ODIN now with dreadful might  
Shall rush resistless to the fight.

ODIN, CHORUS, BALDER, AND YNGVON.

ODIN.

Yes, holy train, this falchion on our foes  
Shall fall resistless. To the field I rush  
Invincible. The gods, the gods at length  
Decide for ODIN : o'er his tottering realm  
They watchful sit, and hold it from its fall.

CHORUS.

Monarch, in hymns of gratitude, as suits  
The pious mind, we rais'd our voice in praise  
Of war's great lord, who late propitious smil'd,  
When to his power the victim bled.

ODIN.

Again,  
Your king, your leader bids, in louder strains



Again uplift your glowing souls. I come  
From Hela's caverns, from the realms of night,  
From prophets speaking through the unopen'd tomb,  
After long years of silence. Sounds I heard  
That fire my soul, and thrill me with delight.

## CHORUS.

If ears profane may hear the wondrous tale,  
Monarch, we beg to share your joy.

## ODIN.

Hear then.

Down the dark steep I rode ; I pass'd the streams,  
That founding roll unseen amidst the rocks :  
I pass'd the dog, who guards the gate of death ;  
In vain he op'd his mouth distilling foam,  
Distilling human gore : in vain with yells,  
That hell resounded, he pursued my course.  
At length the eastern gate I reach'd, where rest  
The bones of Rinda, fam'd among our fires

For high prophetic lore in ages past.  
I stopp'd : I rais'd my sword : the cavern dark  
Shone to the gleaming blade. Turn'd to the north,  
Deep in the rock I trac'd the Runic rhyme,  
Over the grave mutter'd mysterious sounds,  
And thrice three times call'd loud on Rinda's name.  
She heard, she spoke. " Long o'er my bones shall beat  
" The winter wind, long drive the snowy storm,  
" Ere yet for ODIN's entering spirit ope  
" Valhalla's golden doors : Amazement ! lo !  
" Stars fall ; the sun withdraws his orb extinct :  
" Great Rome, upturn'd from her foundation, sinks ;  
" And ODIN triumphs." Never had she spoken,  
Since the earth hid her bones, nor more will speak  
Till earth's extended frame in fire decay.  
Swelling at heart, in haste I backward sped  
Up to the light of day.

## CHORUS.

Blest be the sacred powers that smile upon us :  
Our country yet shall stand, the Ase flourish.  
Not for ourselves, when ruin press'd, we griev'd ;  
'Twas for our native land.

## ODIN.

The genuine strain  
Of our great fathers. ODIN feels the spirit  
O'er his fir'd bosom sovereign rule : I know,  
That kings may melt in pleasure, may repose  
Inactive, careless of their kingdom's weal :  
That sometimes to the Roman name they bow  
Obsequious, rendering up their people's rights,  
Content to wear a delegated crown.  
ODIN will rather on yon funeral pile  
Despairing lie, and light the torch that fires it,  
Than see his warriors slaves. No, I will bleed  
At every vein, to shield them from subjection.

It was my firm resolve, had heav'n design'd  
Our nation's fall, at every freight and stream  
To dare the all-subduing foe, and die,  
Ye plains and valleys, where my fathers sleep,  
Mountains, whereon I drew my natal breath,  
Be free, while ODIN lives : he will not bear  
To see you peopled with an horde of slaves.

BALDER.

Our tribes deserve such monarchs : we would fall  
Each breathless on his shield, nor bear the yoke  
Of our imperious foe,

ODIN.

BALDER, what pain,  
What anguish, keener than the arrow's point,  
Tortur'd my breast, ere the gods own'd our cause !  
Ruin I saw was near. It stung my heart,  
To madness stung, to see my country fall,  
My free-born Asæ sink to slaves ; to view

A long illustrious line of warlike kings  
 Ending in me ignoble ; to behold  
 A stranger fill the throne my fathers rais'd.  
 I might have died with honour in the field,  
 And gone to bliss and glory. Woden's nymphs,  
 I knew, my glittering bed had dress'd, the feast  
 Prepar'd, and high my golden shield uphung :  
 But selfish views I scorn'd, disdain'd to die.  
 BALDER, I would not quit my gallant tribes,  
 While I could wield a falchion. No, my Asæ,  
 While you are free, ODIN will not desert you.

BALDER.

Your Asæ must be free, while such a prince  
 Flames in their van, and the great lord of war  
 Auspicious smiles.

ODIN.

But hark ! the battle calls.  
 See where below the foes round yonder cliff

In warlike phalanx wind : their polish'd spears  
Flash with keen lustre midst the darksome rocks.  
Our tribes, behold, near to the running stream,  
Their glittering arms before them laid, in dread  
Impatience silent fit, and sternly frown,  
Combing their raven hair.

BALDER.

But lo ! they rise ;  
The hostile trump has reach'd their ears.

ODIN.

At length  
The hour of glory comes. My soul dilates  
With the proud expectation. BALDER, SEOFFRID,  
HODER, and HAROLD, SIGISMUND, and BRAGER,  
Go forth. The glorious field is yours. The gods  
Have promis'd ODIN yon devoted foe.

ALL.

Lead, mighty prince.

ODIN.

To glory.

ALL.

Or to death.

CHORUS.

Sisters, 'tis many a month since last I felt  
A transport like the present. Where the gods  
Are reverenc'd, human hope is justly rais'd.

ODIN.

YNGVON, go forth, and right before yon wood,  
Between the deep morafs that northward spreads,  
And this huge ridge of rocks, that bounds the south,  
Marshall our tribes : there will we face the Roman.  
We will be there with speed,

*[Exit Yngvom]*

The herald bid,

When at the grove of oaks the foe arrive,  
Inform us here. We will not head our tribes

Till the first trump have sounded. Warriors, here  
Wait my return. I go, in yonder cave  
To pay mysterious rites to war's proud Lord.

[*Exit Odin.*]

## BALDER AND CHORUS.

### BALDER.

Gods, what divinity of soul he bears !  
Whene'er he speaks, my kindling bosom burns :  
'Tis terrible to view him.

### CHORUS.

Wondrous valour  
And ardent piety have almost rais'd him  
Above the state of mortals. He was born  
To greatness. Ev'n when cradled in his shield,  
His frown did daunt his mother. O'er our youth  
He triumph'd, hardly more than babe. The waves  
Of Tanais, roaring near the Euxine flood,



Midst storms he breasted. Down the precipice,  
Where the eye swims, that dares o'erlook the brink,  
He sportful slid upon his oser targe.

I saw him once, when from the cavern dark  
A tusky boar, roughen'd with flakes of ice,  
Rush'd furious : down his gaping throat the steel  
He forceful plung'd. Expiring at his feet  
The monster lay enormous. Born he seems  
To save our Asæ.

## BALDER.

Dreadful were his pangs,  
While ruin press'd. Early I fought his tent,  
Ere the sun climb'd our mountain tops. In sleep  
On the bare rock he lay ; affections strong  
Convuls'd him : high uprais'd his clenched fist  
Threatening he shook : frequent and deep his groans,  
As if his heart would burst : O ruin'd tribes,  
Lost people, sad he sigh'd ; then, with his sword

Uplifted to his breast, he smiling cried,  
Rome, thou shalt never hold me. Thus reliev'd  
From passion's gust, he calmly slumber'd on.

ODIN, CHORUS, AND BALDER.

ODIN.

Warriors, I never lift the lance for battle,  
But my soul swells : the sloth and shame of life,  
That sink us in the lazy hour of peace,  
Are swept away. All nobleness in man  
Is rous'd to action. Scenes of glory flit  
Across the brain. The destinies and death  
Seem ready at our nod on hated foes  
To do the work of vengeance. We are plac'd  
As on a lofty eminence, the gaze  
Of the wide world ; and each illustrious deed  
Shall go with wonder down to distant ages.

## CHORUS.

When for the freedom of his native land,  
'Gainst overbearing hosts of haughty foes,  
The warrior arms, the gods his patriot course  
Not undelighted view.

## ODIN.

Some Herald, ho,  
Command my bards GLYMER and CANTIMIR  
To occupy this rock. The spot o'erlooks  
Our tribes. Here may they mark each splendid feat;  
That so in verse immortal they may give  
ODIN's illustrious deeds to deathless fame;  
And fill the warrior's soul from age to age  
With admiration and astonishment.

## BALDER.

Hither I see them speed. On yonder cliff  
Their waving vestments glitter in the sun.

## ODIN.

BALDER, while yet in youth, I fought our foe  
With Mithridates on the Pontic shore.  
Thy father saw me flesh my maiden sword.  
A sabre hung uplifted o'er his head  
Ready to fall : I stay'd the furious stroke,  
And cleft the foe. Gods, how I joy'd to see  
A Roman sink beneath me ! Thou, this day,  
Cas'd in the arms thy fire then wore, recall'st  
The deed, and—

SOLDIER, ODIN, BALDER, AND CHORUS.

## SOLDIER.

SLEIPNER, O dread sovereign,  
As in the stalls we arm'd him for the battle,  
Burst from his hold, and down yon foaming flood  
Floated in wanton joy ; along the banks,

Shaking the dewy moisture from his sides,  
Rampant he flew : the distant troops espied,  
And war's loud trumpet founding, high he stretch'd  
His lifted head ; and, dreadly snorting, breath'd  
Forth from his nostrils what to us appear'd  
A blast of streaming fire. I deem'd the sign  
Propitious, and with speed declare it, Prince.

ODIN.

Thanks, Lord of war ; if with presumptuous hopes  
Thy creature swells, 'tis thou inspir'ft his soul.

*(Enter a Messenger.)*

MESSENGER.

The foe, dread Liege, have pass'd the grove, and now  
Stand with projected spears, and dare with threats  
Our order'd tribes.

ODIN.

Warriors, unsheath your swords,  
And with your king kneel to the Lord of war.

Hear, mighty God ; if on yon tented field  
Thou fend thy minister to aid my Afæ,  
Nine hundred captives, bravest of their host,  
Shall bleed upon thy altars ; to the spot  
Our tribes shall roll huge mafs of unhewn ftones,  
And range in myftic circle. There shall ftand  
Thy image ; there thy fires eternal burn ;  
While facred quires at thy myfterious rites  
Shall chaunt midft rocks and groves their rapturous  
hymns.

So fall my fword refiftlefs on the foe,  
As what my tongue has vow'd my hand performs.

ALL.

So fall our fwords refiftlefs on the foe,  
As join our vows with ODIN's.

CHORUS.

So may our tribes return triumphant home,  
As join our vows with ODIN's.

## ODIN.

Now, warriors, on ; the God, the God inspires.  
Bid all our bards, striking at once, upraise  
Their loftiest strains : see that our files advance  
With shouts, and clanging arms, and gestures dire,  
As may appal the foe : on all these hills  
Let altars blaze, and holy victims bleed,  
To the dread God of war. On, warriors, on ;  
I feel a strong divinity within me,  
Beyond all omens, and all mortal powers,  
Ruling the foul. Behold my brandish'd sword ;  
It streams with fire. Dread power, I come, I come.  
I am the fiery spirit ye would have me.  
Yon hated Roman, crush'd beneath this arm,  
Shall feel the God that rules me.

[*Exeunt Odin, Balder, &c.*]

## CHORUS.

His parting words, his glowing form, the blaze

Of something more than mortal, fire my soul  
Uprais'd. I seem entranc'd. Relations strange  
Of heavenly spirits riding through the air  
In solemn ministry to favour'd warriors,  
First taught in wondering youth, and since confirm'd  
By the deep lore of consecrated priests,  
Rush on the mind. Over our heads, perhaps,  
Ev'n now they pass to yonder army : hark !  
Whence is that sound ? High in the pathless air  
Methought it struck my ear : and hark ! Again ?  
And nearer too it seems, as from the north  
One flew o'er yonder mountains.

*Strophe. 1.*

Sisters, hear you in the sky  
The noise of armour clanging nigh ?  
Who is she on snow-white steed ?  
Dread her aspect, dread her speed.  
On yonder field she darts her eye,



The Goddess she of destiny.

From Woden's hall

She comes, to call

Our heroes to his feast :

Lo ! her sword, that streams with light,

She points o'er many a gallant knight !

She marks him for her guest.

Hark ! the trumps to battle sound.

She shakes her dreadful helm, and looks exulting  
round.

*Antistrophe. 1.*

Woden's sons on Asgard's plain,

Now come forth with regal train,

To lead each valiant chief who falls

Within Valhalla's glittering walls.

Far off their polish'd helmets gleam,

And proud their waving banners stream.

With threatening brow,

That aw'd the foe,  
The new-fall'n chiefs descend :  
Their gashes, streaming still with gore,  
Diftain the yellow fanded shore :  
The Spirits forward bend ;  
They view their wounds, they view their scars,  
Their blood-besprinkled plumes, and falchions bruis'd  
in wars.

*Strophe. 2.*

Happy youth, by destiny  
Doom'd on yonder field to die :  
For him the luscious board is spread ;  
For him is deck'd the glittering bed ;  
Blooming virgins ready stand,  
To fill with flowing cups his hand ;  
In glittering rows,  
Where chiefs repose  
Beneath the golden roof ;

Where enthron'd the God divine

Quaffs the richly sparkling wine ;

While Bards on high aloof,

Midst arched vaults, that echo far,

Sweep the resounding harps, and raise the song of war.

*Antistrophe. 2.*

Through the lofty gate he hies,

The feast is stay'd, the warriors rise ;

Their founding armour rattles dread.

Up to the throne of Woden led,

From the God such glory streams,

He turns aside to shun the beams.

His glorious name,

His warlike fame,

To sound of trumps is told :

He swells with pride, he gazes round,

Again the lofty trumpets sound,

He lifts his shield of gold,

And dares the proudest to the field ;  
The admiring warriors shout, and strike the clanging  
shield.

## CHORUS.

Hark, sisters ; break we off. For lo ! the bards  
GLYMER and aged CANTIMIR approach.

## GLYMER, CANTIMIR, AND CHORUS.

## GLYMER.

The favour of the gods, fair train, be yours.  
Here, brother, may we sit : beneath the cliff,  
That dark o'erhangs us, this rude feat invites,  
Hollow'd by nature in the rock, where ne'er  
The bleak north enters. All the plain below  
Lies clear in view. But mark, how either host  
Prepar'd, awaits the signal ; stern and still  
The Roman ; ours with valour's fiery rage  
Hardly restrain'd.

## CHORUS.

Inform us, noble bard,  
Of yonder Roman, who pre-eminent  
Proudly o'erlooks the legions ; dread the plumes  
That shade his helm ; sedate he gazes round  
As mastering mighty thoughts ; heralds unnumber'd  
Approach him, and to all parts seem to bear  
His mandates.

## GLYMER.

Of no common chief you ask,  
Great Pompey, name illustrious, long renown'd  
Throughout the east ; our rude Cilician waves,  
The Libyan sands, and far Iberia west  
Have felt his sword. In Rome, 'tis said, he reigns  
Omnipotent, and from her lofty hills  
Governs the world. He broke the wondrous might  
Of Mithridates, who through fifty years,  
Sternly defying, check'd imperial Rome.

'Tis certain none can match this conqueror,  
ODIN exceptèd. Sure the trump doth found ;  
Onward, behold, the warriors ardent rush !

## CHORUS.

Great God of battle, who, above these heavens  
Rolling thy thunder, aw'ft a trembling world,  
Now on thy Afæ fmile ; their arrows guide  
Unerring to the hearts of yonder Romans ;  
So may these mountains, by thy altars crown'd,  
Brighten with fires, and echo facred hymns.

## GLYMER.

See, brother, with what wild and desperate rage  
Our Afæ shower their arrows midft the foes.  
Thick drop the Romans round. A field like this,  
Brave CANTIMIR, we faw fome winters past,  
When thou and I beneath the walls of Zeila,  
Where seven proud legions fell, laft ftain'd our fwords  
With blood. Triarius led the Romans, we

Were headed by the Pontic king. In vain  
Near Talara, by great Euphrates wash'd,  
We dar'd them to renew the fight : nine days  
We stood expectant : on the tenth, the foe  
Retiring, left the Armenian valleys free.  
Our fingers then had never swept the harp ;  
The sword was all our pastime.

## CHORUS.

Mighty gods,  
Sure, or my senses fail me, or the foe  
Fall back before our tribes.

## GLYMER.

Look, noble dames,  
Yonder, where ODIN rushes, like a storm,  
Breaking the files before him : lo ! his tribes  
Press on, and fill the bloody path he makes .  
The hardiest Roman dares not meet his rage.

## CHORUS.

Born in the camp, our infant eyes first gaz'd  
On scenes of blood : to the loud clang of arms  
Our ears first listen'd ; war is now our pride.  
Yon glorious scene transports us ; long will live  
Their name, who for their threaten'd country fall.

## GLYMER.

Ha ! who is he engaging yonder Roman ?  
'Tis BALDER, bravest of our warlike tribes.  
Lo ! where they stand upon the river's bank  
Remote. Bright gleam their falchions : thick around,  
Struck from their helmets, the fiery sparkles fly.  
Ah ! see, by some disastrous stroke oppress'd,  
BALDER has dropp'd upon his knee ; yet still  
He threatens the foe : the Roman arm is rais'd,  
Ready to fall, and crush him. Gods, behold,  
A troop of gallant Asæ rushing in :  
The Roman flies ; BALDER, though rescu'd, lies



Alone, and bleeding on the ground.

## CHORUS.

Behold,

Illustrious bards, how on all sides retreat  
The yielding legions. Gods, with what wild joy,  
What fiery indignation, headstrong fury,  
Our conquering tribes are borne ! O'er all the field  
Our falchions gleam, our arrows speed ! Behind  
We leave the plain cover'd with slaughter'd Romans.  
Before us Pompey and his legions fly !  
Thanks, Lord of war. Sisters, for what an hour  
Of glory have the favouring gods reserv'd us !  
Kneel, sisters, kneel in thanks. My bosom swells  
With transport, and with gratitude to heaven.

## GLYMER.

See, noble dames, where up this rugged rock,  
BALDER, by aged TRIGGUESON led,  
Leaning upon his sword, still down his cuishes

The red stream flowing, climbs with faltering step.  
Midway he stops, back on our conquering tribes  
To dart his eye : see with what joy he gazes  
On the old warrior, and with brisker step  
Seems to advance,

## CHORUS.

The plain is clear'd. The foes  
Have fled round yonder rock. Conquer'd and conquerors  
Have vanish'd from our view. Now quick goes on  
The glorious work of vengeance. Rinda's words  
Are hastening to completion. Haughty Rome,  
Now feel the vigour of a northern arm ;  
Thy day of retribution dreadly comes :  
From thy meridian greatness thou art falling,  
And soon shalt fet for ever. Valiant tribes,  
In fame of war, in conquest doubly dear,  
May your return be swift : your wives, your daughters,

Long to behold you stain'd with Roman blood,  
And leading captive legions.

BALDER, CHORUS, GLYMER, AND  
CANTIMIR.

CHORUS.

Noble sifers,  
Let us receive with reverence a warrior,  
Who falls to free his country.

BALDER.

God of war,  
Accept my thanks. It was my soul's first wish,  
That I might die beneath an hostile arm ;  
And I have fall'n upon a glorious field.

CHORUS.

Hear, Romans, his last words, and learn the folly  
Of forging chains for freemen.

BALDER.

Thousands now  
Are raging 'gainst a routed foe in vengeance ;  
While BALDER uselefs lies : this thought alone  
Troubles my joy in death.

CHORUS.

BALDER, thy name  
Will live on earth among the fons of warriors,  
While thou for ages in the hall of Woden  
Shalt share the feast of heroes.

BALDER.

Noble dames,  
O tell my fon how his brave father fell ;  
Tell him I have defcended to Valhalla,  
And tell— (BALDER *faints.*)

CHORUS.

Soft, fifters, lay him gently on the ground :  
His blood flows fast : his ecftafy in death

Has overpower'd him. Noble was his spirit :  
ODIN excepted, one more brave ne'er rais'd  
His falchion 'gainst a Roman.

BALDER (*recovering*).

Light of day,

Do I still view thee ? I had hop'd ere this  
To sit with heroes at the feast of Woden.  
Beneath the oak, where late I flew three Romans,  
(Their blood still marks the spot) inter me.  
'Twould please my shade, if ODIN's hands would fling  
My spear and battle-axe into the grave.  
Request the gallant tribes, with whom I conquer'd,  
To raise my funeral mount. I can no more.  
Thanks to the God of war, my days are pass'd ;  
I shall not meanly pine with slow disease :  
I shall not droop with melancholy age.  
A foe pursu'd by my brave countrymen  
Was the last scene I gaz'd on. On my shield

Lay me, and let me grasp my sword in death.  
Thus warrior-like I die. This sword inscrib'd  
With mystic characters of mighty power ;  
This shield, on which my noblest feats are pictur'd,  
Bear to my son. My days are past : I come,  
Woden, I come ; rejoicing I shall meet thee ;  
Rejoicing die. [Dies.

## CHORUS.

Stand, sisters, round his corse,  
And chaunt the dirge we sing to parted warriors.  
How blest is he, whom hostile spears  
Strike to the ground in youthful years !  
Great warriors form his tomb, and lay  
His dust in consecrated clay :  
While chiefs illustrious fling below  
The kirtled axe and bending bow :  
Beside him flows the bursting fount,  
And o'er him swells the martial mount.

## 2.

The mossy stones shall mark his grave,  
And the tall grass in summer wave.  
Far o'er the heath, with golden gleam,  
His spear and trophied helm shall beam,  
His tomb the bard shall frequent haunt,  
And all his sweetest dirges chaunt ;  
While passing chieftains pointing cry,  
There the Warrior's ashes lie.

## CHORUS.

Now, sisters, turn we our sweet thoughts to conquest ;  
Prepare the song triumphant : hail our chief  
With that high strain fram'd by our fires of yore,  
When from the east, leaving Imaus' tops,  
They roam'd the Ascanimian hills, and on,  
Coursing Oxantes' banks, they forc'd their way  
Through frozen Scythia to the Caspian shore,  
And here at length on lofty Caucasus

Eftablifh'd fole dominion. Now again  
Our mountains echo with the ftrains of joy.

GLYMER.

Ah me ! what means that warrior flying fwift  
Round yonder rock ? an Afeen fure ; I know  
Thofe arms, that plume.

CHORUS.

O ye almighty Powers,  
What do I fee ? A multitude of Afæ,  
Like the returning flood, o'erflow the plain,  
In wild diforder fcatter'd : Roman fpears  
Thick fhower'd, they falling ftrew the ground.

GLYMER.

Too true,  
Too true. ' Would I had died before this day.

CHORUS.

O fifters, now our sorrows are complete :  
Ruin and fhame o'ertake us. Our dominion



Is pass'd ; our name, ere long, from off the earth  
Will vanish : no memorial will remain  
To speak of ODIN's warriors.

GLYMER.

CANTIMIR,

See stretch'd upon the plain our veterans brave,  
Renown'd in many a glorious field of yore,  
SIEGGE, and HAROLD, BRAGLER, and HARFAGRE,  
And those twin youths, the thunderbolts of war,  
FANER and GRONFIRE. Ev'n but now they fell :  
I know their armour. See you ODIN, dames ?  
Our eyes in vain explore him.

CHORUS.

He has fallen

At the first flight, I doubt not : souls like his  
Disdain to outlive freedom. Mighty Gods,  
What have we done, what have your Afæ done,  
That thus your bitterest wrath is pour'd upon us ?

GLYMER.

Retire awhile, ye noble dames : for, lo !  
The legions far out-stretch'd in wide array  
Break on our view. Behold, a messenger  
Has hastening climb'd the steep.

CHORUS.

Without his shield  
He comes. Shall we deign converse with him, sisters ?

MESSENGER.

I come from ODIN, noble dames. My shield I threw,  
By his command, aside, to speed my course.

CHORUS.

He stands absolv'd. Stranger, lives ODIN still ?

MESSENGER.

He wills that high be heap'd, without delay,  
The funeral pile. He will be here with speed.

CHORUS.

Where left you him ?

## MESSENGER.

The tale is long and sad.

You saw with what terrific might we dar'd  
The rushing foes. Long time before our tribes  
They fled ; till at the sacred fount, where oft  
The priest in happier days perform'd his rites,  
They stopp'd ; they stood ; and on our shouting tribes  
Returning, pour'd an iron storm of spears,  
Resistless ; while from rocks and mountain tracts,  
Ambush'd in tangled thickets, mossy bogs,  
And the dark mouths of solitary caves,  
Legions entire in dreadful circle rush'd  
Impetuous, like the founding mountain storm.  
Thus in the glorious course of victory,  
Giving a loose to manly rage of vengeance,  
We stood by foes inclos'd. Amaz'd, appall'd,  
Ten thousand javelins sounding o'er our heads,  
We gaz'd around in mute distress. Ah ! then,

Woden the high, the terrible, in clouds  
Involv'd, and darkness, from the fight retir'd  
Indignant ; and as through the troubled sky  
Sullen he shook his gloomy shield, the air  
Low thunder'd, and huge drops of blood let fall.  
The fatal omen seen, our mortal chief,  
Infuriate with despair, through Roman hosts  
Burst headlong : fierce and wild as winter wolves,  
That, rous'd by famine, rush from Scythian heights  
Down the bare rock, and snowy precipice,  
We sprang, we flew, breaking tremendous forth,  
Through groves of spears, and wedged files. Our path  
Was drench'd with blood ; hills of the dead arose :  
ODIN, a miracle, survives : some God  
Has guarded him, for ne'er fell spears so thick  
Round mortal man innocuous. To the camp  
The melancholy remnants of our tribes  
Come weak, come hopeless : mournful was the scene,

That struck me, while the steep ascent I climb'd.  
 I saw the plain cover'd with slaughter'd Afæ ;  
 I saw our warriors, broken, languid, few,  
 Their wounds still streaming blood, with painful step  
 Strain labouring toward the mountain : some by brooks,  
 To slake their thirst with the cool flowing stream,  
 Lay languid ; some, beneath the spreading trees  
 With toil and pain o'erpower'd, sunk down and died.  
 Others were toiling up the precipice,  
 And dragg'd with pain their massy shield behind them.  
 Sad are these scenes to hear of, noble dames,  
 But sadder were to me to look upon.

*[Exeunt Messenger, Glymer, Cantimir.]*

CHORUS.

*Strophe.*

He comes, he comes,

Striding with giant pace,

The Genius stern of desolation :

He lifts his mighty mace  
'Gainst thee, unblest, devoted nation.  
From his dark frown away  
I turn, in wild dismay :  
O'er yonder hills his course he takes ;  
Each massy tower and temple shakes :  
Mounting the lofty walls,  
Round him his dæmons dark he calls,  
Loud blows a dreadful blast, that shakes the land,  
Stamps with his iron foot, and hurls a flaming brand

*Antistrophe.*

And see, ah ! see,  
From hallow'd mount and grove,  
Hurried away in wild disorder,  
The guardian Spirits move,  
And leave the fated kingdom's border.  
Frowning, from Woden's shrine,  
Retreats the power divine,

And trails his bloody sword along.

For ever mute the chaunted song,

Thor fullenly retires,

And quits his half-extinguish'd fires :

Lo ! Freya's fane, the victims bleeding round,

Abruptly bursting, falls in ruins to the ground.

*Epode.*

Soon will these untrod mountains o'er

The warrior's voice be heard no more :

Soon in contempt will turn the foe

From desert rocks, and wilds of snow ;

O'er the heath with ruin spread,

O'er the hillocks of the dead,

Rapid will the horseman scud,

Aw'd by the fearful solitude.

Perhaps, along the mountain's side,

Uptorn by torrents wasting wide,

Our armour strange may catch the traveller's eyes ;

Our mighty falchions he may wield ;  
May dreadly poise each weight of shield ;  
And gaze upon the bones of giant size.

## CHORUS.

See, sisters, where the sun with angry ray  
Sinks in the west : Ah ! never will his orb  
Rising behold the race of Asæ more.  
But speed we now our mournful task to build  
The pile funereal, and due rites prepare,  
And solemn state, that so we may perform  
Fitley this last and dreadful sacrifice.

[*Exit Semicborus.*]

## MESSENGER AND SEMICHORUS.

## MESSENGER.

The rock is girt with Roman files : at dawn,  
At early dawn, ourselves, our priests, our king,  
And this bleak rock, his sole remains of empire,



Must own the conqueror : desperate was the field,  
And terrible the slaughter : few, alas !  
Of our brave heroes 'scap'd the furious foe,  
And crept with wounded limbs back to this mountain,

## SEMICHORUS.

Ah ! happy, happy they, on yonder plain,  
Who, near their native walls, in freedom's cause  
Contending, fell beneath an hostile spear.  
They feel no shame ; they shrink not with dismay  
From those intolerable ills, that press  
The slave ; they need no desperate resolution  
To drive the lifted steel into their breasts,  
And shun by death the pangs of servitude :  
They find in other worlds that liberty,  
Which here their brothers want.

## MESSENGER.

ODIN, fair train,  
I saw, amidst the ruins of a temple,

Leaning with lifted arm upon a shrine,  
Huge heaps of shapeless stone tumbled loose round  
him.

His hand yet grasp'd a sword ; and o'er his back  
His shield still hung : around he roll'd his eyes,  
That shot a flame, which aw'd me. Livid spots  
Had stain'd his face ; and all his countenance  
Seem'd tempest'd with rapid gusts of passion.  
He speaks not ; nor has once, 'tis said, been heard  
To groan. Four faithful chiefs at distance stand,  
But dare not near approach him.

## CHORUS.

Hark ! what noise  
Tumultuous strikes mine ear ?

## MESSENGER.

A female band  
Is busied heaping up the funeral pile :  
On it they throw falchions, and shields, and helms,

That rudely tofs'd return a clashing found.

## CHORUS.

O sisters, think ye that through all our tribes  
The fear of death finds entrance ? Know, this arm  
Could strike the wretch, that would live on enslav'd.

## MESSENGER.

Behold, up yonder steep an infant troop  
Climb hastening to the pile.

## CHORUS.

They little think,  
Devoted band, how soon their youthful course  
Must cease, and all their bright hopes end in death.  
Yet they must die. No child of ODIN's race  
Must stoop beneath a master.

*Scene opens, and discovers a funeral pile, heaped up with all kinds of furniture ; with gold and silver, with the instruments of religious duties, and various kinds of armour. Children standing at the bottom : the Priests and Scalds ranged before it, with the whole Chorus. Odin leans against it.*

## CHORUS.

Lord of war, propitious smile ;  
To thee we raise the deathful pile :  
Do thou in other worlds bestow  
That freedom, which we lose below.

## 2.

Shame and slavery we disdain ;  
Th' ignoble scourge, the servile chain.  
Indignant set our spirits free,  
And fly, great Lord of war, to thee.

## PRIEST.

With blood of falcon, in the moon's eclipse  
Slain to the God of war, we consecrate,

In virtue of our high and awful office,  
This solemn pile, these plumes, and batter'd helmets,  
These sacred instruments of holy rites,  
And this mysterious ring, distain'd with gore.  
Ourselves, our nation, king, and priest, and people,  
In the last hour of freedom greatly offer'd  
To the high gods in mortal sacrifice,  
We consecrate with falcon's holy blood.

## CHORUS.

Sifters, has search been made round all the hills,  
That not a patriot, spent perchance with wounds,  
In some dark cave or wooded hollow, lose  
The privilege of death? Let proud Rome learn,  
When on our mountain top the flame ascends,  
What an unconquer'd spirit she would break.

## ODIN.

Blast her, great God of battles.

## PRIEST.

As the blood  
Flow'd from the falcon, native of these rocks,  
Till the proud bird expir'd upon thy shrine,  
So let the haughty Roman spirit sink  
Year after year beneath a northern arm,  
Till spread in ruins her wide empire lie.

## ODIN.

Hear, God of battles, hear : I do not pray,  
That thou shouldst instant arm our North, and pour  
All her fierce sons in vengeance from their mountains,  
To crush this Rome at once. No ; let her stand  
Awhile, and know a tyrant's iron sway.  
Let monsters, bred in her own hideous womb,  
And sent by nature forth for vengeance, bear  
Rule o'er her. Let them spread destruction dire,  
And sport the while in mockery of her wrongs.

Let wanton insult, foul indignities  
Shame her proud consular chair : so be she sunk  
Ev'n to the lowest state : then in her sons  
To the last spark put out all nobleness,  
That they may tamely linger on in shame,  
Nor dare to die as we do.

CHORUS.

Hark ! some noise  
Comes this way from the hostile camp.

*(Enter a Messenger.)*

MESSENGER.

A Roman,  
Sent, as he says, on embassy of moment,  
Waits at the postern gate.

ODIN.

I cannot see him :  
My desperate nature swells with indignation  
Ev'n at the name of Rome. Conduct him back.

## CHORUS.

Dread prince, it were a weakness unbeseeming  
Your royal state, thus to refuse a parley  
On equal terms, when by the foe desired.

## ODIN.

Bid him appear. You know not, noble dames,  
What mingled pangs of shame and indignation,  
Working at this dread moment of despair,  
Tempest my soul. I had an ancient kingdom,  
I rang'd beneath my banners tribes of freemen,  
I bore an high name through the nations round,  
And spread my fame in war. I had full hop'd  
To go illustrious down to Woden's hall,  
And leave my YNGVON on his father's throne :  
O blast, ye Gods, yon Roman : in his turn,  
O visit him : let not his end be prosperous,  
Nor grace nor honour comfort him in age ;  
Drive him a fugitive from land to land :



Force him to crouch to base slaves for protection,  
And be by slaves disdain'd. Then on the shore,  
Headless, a prey to vultures may he lie,  
Till his proud Conqueror come and pity him.

HERALD, ODIN, &c. &c.

ODIN.

Away, away ; I cannot look upon him.

HERALD.

Great Pompey, hapless king, anxious to spare  
Thy life, and stay the flow of human blood,  
Proffers thee freedom and thy ancient sceptre,  
Upon condition thou submit to Rome.

ODIN.

Insulting chief!—Conduct the herald back.

MESSENGER.

Such answer, sent in such an hour as this,  
Will grieve great Pompey, who, believe me, prince,

Pities thy fortunes, and admires thy valour.

ODIN.

He little knows the temper of the race,  
O'er whom he triumphs. Lead the herald back  
With honours such as fuit the foe of ODIN.  
We brook no further parley.

*[Exit Herald, &c.]*

Here expect

My quick return. I go to yonder grove.

*[Exit Odin.]*

CHORUS, &c. &c.

CHORUS.

O that the fatal hour were past ! I long  
To die, and end at once this hated being :  
The pile adorn'd with solemn sacrifice  
Awes me, a stranger as I am to fear.  
And, when I turn my eyes to yonder plains

And vallies, which the glorious fun illumes,  
Once the domain of ODIN and his Afæ,  
A sorrowful affection touches me,  
And my foul sickening longs to be at rest.  
And you, ye babes, feated upon the pile,  
Unconscious of the speedy end that waits you,  
Troubled I gaze on you : you might have liv'd  
To emulate your fathers, to attain  
An equal glory, and more prosperous fortune :  
You might have crush'd these Romans, and inscrib'd  
Our rocks and mountains with your deeds of valour ;  
You might have died in all the pride of war,  
And met our heroes in Valhalla's courts :  
Now you must fall unknown, unnam'd, unhonour'd,  
Ere yet your infant hands have grasp'd the sword,  
Or your young hearts have beat to war and glory.

## ODIN, CHORUS, &amp;c. &amp;c.

## ODIN.

High servant of the gods, receive this sword,  
Stain it with holy blood, and on the pile  
Deposit high the consecrated blade.

With it I overcame Triarius.

'Tis mark'd with mystic characters. 'Twas found  
After a storm on lofty Caucasus

By my great ancestor Nicador fam'd,

And call'd Aftolpho : from beneath the ash,

That spreads its branches o'er the gods, it fell :

And, while our kingdom stood, in holy groves

Unsheath'd it hung, handled by none but kings.

ODIN will enter high Valhalla with it.

## PRIEST.

Thus with the falcon's blood we charm the blade,

And thus devote it to the God of war.

## ODIN.

Command that Sleipner to the pile be led,  
Cloath'd with that rich caparison, which once  
He wore, when from the waters of Euphrates,  
I chac'd the flying legions of Lucullus.  
'Tis stain'd with Roman blood. I would be seen  
So mounted, by the heroes of Valhalla.

## PRIEST.

Yonder, dread prince, beside the pile, the priest  
Sprinkles proud Sleipner with the holy blood,  
Devoting him to the great God of war.

## ODIN.

Command, that on the groves and mountain tops  
The sacred priests their solemn rites perform,  
While ODIN to Valhalla's courts descends.  
My mind is eas'd; Rome, thou hast done thy worst;  
Thou hast subdu'd, but not dishonour'd me.  
I, and my Afæ, shall, ere morning dawn,

Defy thy power, thy malice. O ye shades  
Of warriors, natives once of these rude hills,  
Great Ancestors of O D I N and his Afæ,  
We dare invoke your spirits ; though the realm  
Stands doom'd, and soon may cease ; we bear your  
souls

Unconquer'd : free we fall : and not a son  
Of all your race dares to survive his country.

CHORUS.

See, sisters, on the edge of yonder cliff  
GLANDER, the warrior famous through our tribes,  
Prepares to leap the precipice. With hands  
Uplifted, o'er the brink he bends, in act  
Of holy prayer. Mark how the setting sun  
Plays on his burnish'd arms : Ah ! see, he shoots,  
Like a bright meteor of the night from high,  
Wooing destruction.

ODIN.

God of war, O speed

The moment of my fate : the light of day

Grows sickly, hateful. Once I rul'd a people

Gallant and free, disdaining servitude,

Like generous GLANDER : all or on the field

Have fallen, or at the pile devoted stand.

But let it pass : unwelcome thought, away,

I did not think to feel another pang,

But, GLANDER, thou hast mov'd me. Noble dames,

Are the due rites for sacrifice prepar'd ?

CHORUS.

Gaze, mighty prince, around : O'er all the rocks

The smoke in rolling volumes calm ascends

From every height and grove.

ODIN.

Lo ! I unsheath

The falchion, that shall end the life of ODIN.

Kneel, Afæ, kneel in adoration low,  
While we devote ourself and all our people  
To the immortal gods. Ye glorious Powers,  
Who 'bove the starry pole on blisful seats  
Beneath the eternal ash repose : and you,  
Once Heroes here on earth, in glory plac'd  
Beneath your golden shields within Valhalla :  
Ye too, ye Spirits pure of hill and fount,  
River and wood ; and all ye guardian Gods  
Of altars, fanes, and consecrated groves,  
Incline propitious : 'midst the blaze of altars,  
And the dread pomp of solemn sacrifice,  
We dedicate to you that lofty being,  
Which, rest of liberty, we scorn on earth.  
Receive the patriot offering, mighty powers.

*[All rise.]*

CHORUS.

It thunders to the right.



PRIEST.

The Gods approve

Our holy work.

ODIN.

Come then, faithful blade,

And midst the vollied lightning do thy office.

Ye Powers, that now do shake the lofty heavens,

Behold me, in the strength and noble pride

Of manly age, firmly resolv'd to die.

No passion wild, nor momentary gust

Of desperation drives me. I have lost

My kingdom ; servitude approaches fast :

Bonds and not death I dread. Some solace 'tis,

That my high name, my honour, and the glory

Of my brave people, still remain entire ;

And that this death shall fix a deathless fame.

Ye Goddesses, that pace on snow-white steeds

The pathless air, sent by the glorious God

Of battle, to convey the warrior slain  
To the bright hall of heroes, now appear  
Upon the stormy top of Caucasus,  
While ODIN willing pours his blood : and thou  
Renowned Power, high Deity of war,  
Lord of Valhalla's feast, if on this shield  
To thee my infant form was vow'd ; if firm  
As yonder rock, I fought through twenty years  
Tyrannic Rome, disdaining composition ;  
And now, by gathering multitudes o'erpower'd,  
Sink with the freedom which I cannot save,  
Receive me dying, and at your high feast  
Advance me 'mong heroic chiefs renown'd.  
Great Nature's works, farewell : thou glorious Sun,  
Who o'er yon mountains, midst the gloomy storm  
Angry hast sunk ; O Tanais, and ye shores  
Wash'd by the founding Euxine, ODIN calls,  
Calls with his dying voice, while to the Gods

He gives himself, and with uplifted sword,  
Thus strikes for honour, liberty, and ——

*(A Voice without.)*

ODIN.

ODIN.

What voice hath hail'd me ?

*(Voice without.)*

Son of war.

ODIN.

Again ?

CHORUS.

Ah fee, yon high oak shakes.

PRIEST.

Ye mighty Gods,

A flaming bolt, from out yon rending cloud  
Has fir'd the pile ; mark how it blazes round.  
The gods approve.

ODIN.

And help us on our way.

Now to this heart, keen blade.

*(Voice without.)*

ODIN, son of battle,

Follow.

CHORUS.

Amazement ! Lo ! a Maid of heavenly form  
Over the tops of yonder mountain pines  
Glides through the air, and sheds a streamy light  
On the dark storm : and see, her gleaming sword  
She waving points to ODIN.

ODIN.

Goddeſs, lead ;

The ſervant of the gods obeys their call.

*[Exit Odin.]*

## CHORUS, &amp;c. &amp;c.

In days of yore,

This western shore,

Far from the rising morn, our Raven fought ;

Nicador's band

O'er wastes of sand

Through Scythian camps their daring passage fought,

On many a barren desert drear

Victorious rais'd the trophied spear ;

And dells and hollow caverns rung

With war-songs on the mountains sung :

With founding arms they roam'd the shore,

They heard the wintry Caspian roar,

And gaz'd with wonder strange the world of waters  
hoar.

*Antistrophe.*

Along the snows,

In horrid rows,

Huge giants frowning these high mountains spread :

Our tribes amaz'd,

With terror gaz'd,

And dropp'd the lifted lance, and backward sped.

Sudden before the wondering eye

A goddess shines, reveal'd from high.

The rugged heights she bids them climb :

Before their tribes she flies sublime.

With more than mortal rage they glow ;

They grapple on the mountain's brow ;

And headlong from the rocks hurl the gigantic foe.

*Epode.*

Hence, beneath a Power divine,

Sprung the glory of our line :

With pinions bold through southern skies

Our fathers saw the Raven rise :

They rear'd their towers and temples hoar

On blue Alazon's fruitful shore ;

And where the glassy Cæsius glides,  
 They spread with tents his willow'd fides,  
 Along the Pontic strand,  
 Throughout Armenian land,

The fame of ODIN and his Asæ flew :

Till Rome in evil hour,  
 Through cursed lust of power,

Delug'd the east with blood, and all her realms o'er-  
 threw.

But now once more  
 These mountains o'er  
 The goddesses —————

## CHORUS AND PRIESTS.

### CHORUS.

Soft, break we off, for lo ! round yonder fane  
 Through the dark isles pouring a stream of light  
 The Goddesses moves ; hither she seems to bend.

## PRIEST.

See o'er the face of ODIN, on her form  
Awfully fix'd, a burning glory plays :  
Kneel, noble dames.

## GONDULA, ODIN, CHORUS, &amp;c.

## GONDULA.

Great ODIN, son of war,  
Approach, and listen. I am GONDULA :  
The God of battles is my lord. I lead  
To his bright hall the hero slain in war.  
Never before to living mortal sent,  
Appear'd I, save upon what day of old  
To these rude mountains great NICADOR led  
His Afæ, who had roam'd the wide terrene  
In search of feat imperial : here I stay'd  
His wanderings; here on Caucasus maintain'd  
His tribes, whose race on earth shall never die.



Command that from the burning pile be snatch'd  
Aftolpho, holy falchion, dropp'd from heav'n :  
Twill aid thee on the way I come to shew.  
Know thou art destin'd by the God of battles  
To crush imperial Rome.

ODIN.

Exult my Afæ,  
Draw forth your fwords, and instant—

GONDULA.

Mortal, hear  
In filence. Sheath the fword. Ages must pafs,  
Ere Tufcan blood flow from its reeking blade.  
Thou fhalt behold a Roman face no more.  
Thefe rocks and mountains, the cold Tanais' fhores,  
'Tis Woden's will thou instant leave : for here  
Thou canst be free no longer. Men debas'd  
By fervitude are undeserving deem'd  
To bear the fword for vengeance. Thou must go

ODIN.

Whither, dread power ?

GONDULA.

Far to the stormy north,  
The land of winter, nurse of frost and snows ;  
There on the world through joyless months the sun  
Ne'er rises, the pale moon and stars alone  
Light the cold traveller o'er the snows : yet there  
In freedom shalt thou roam : there shall thy sons  
Sit on an hundred thrones ; there nerve with force  
And train to war upon the inclement rocks  
Thy tribes heroic ; till on beds of snow  
By the keen breath of icy winter brac'd,  
With giant limbs, and arms of monstrous size,  
From rocks, and forests dark, and frozen wilds,  
Fierce as the Caspian storm, invincible,  
Resistless, terrible, they rush on Rome,  
Shake like an earthquake all her hundred realms,

And lay her mighty empire in the dust.

ODIN.

Immortal powers, when shall this glorious feat—

GONDULA.

To thee it matters not. The means, the time

Leave to the God ; be thou his instrument :

Thou shalt be father of the warlike race.

Now, ODIN, mark me heedful : thou must go,

Led by the stars, right onward to the Pole.

Over the Scythian pastures, wide diffus'd,

Where Tanais winds to meet the bending Rha,

Be thy first course : the wild Riphean hills,

Beat by the snows, ascend ; then winding round

The Hyperborean mountains, leave a race,

O'er whom let valiant Suarlamî reign,

In regions yet unnam'd beneath the Pole.

Thence bending eastward through the Budin plains,

Roam the dark forests, where on icy hills  
Burst the cold fountains of Boristhenes.  
On the rich meads, that reach the Suevian shore,  
Ev'n from the rude Carpathian tops, thy sons  
SEGDEG, and SIGGE, with BALDEG golden tress'd,  
Shall fix their kingdoms : upwards to the North,  
Where o'er the funless Scandinavian dells  
Wave the romantic pines in shadowy pomp,  
There shalt thou stay thy wanderings : there shall stand  
Thy throne ; there, like the sacred ash, that spreads  
O'er the bright city of the gods her boughs,  
Thou flourishing shalt view thy gallant sons,  
Founders of mighty kingdoms, round thee rise,  
Imperial progeny ! their name shall live  
Eternal, and their deathless race extend  
Wherever ocean rolls, or day appears,  
Lords of the West, and Conquerors of Rome.

## ODIN.

Then, faithful tribes, vengeance will yet be yours.

## GONDULA.

The hour is almost come, to bright Valhalla  
When back I course the air. The polish'd spears,  
Already rang'd, cast round the glittering hall  
Their splendid blaze ; and, sparkling in their beams,  
Sweet Hydromel from golden cups is pour'd.  
I with my fateful sisters must appear  
In reverence of thy valiant sons, who fell  
In yonder valley : at the feast to-night,  
With martial honours, suited to fam'd warriors,  
They next the God of battles shall recline.  
I must be brief. North of this hoary mount,  
Beneath the fane of Thor, a cave, whose mouth  
Deep thickets overhanging hide, descends  
Through the dark rock full many a fathom down,  
And bursts to light beyond the Roman camp,

Cloſe to the fount, by which, in happier times  
Thy youth receiv'd the manly targe. 'Twas form'd  
Of old by giants, to conceal from view  
Their nightly plunder, flocks and fatten'd herds  
By ſhepherds penn'd incamp'd in vales below.  
Through the dark paſſage ſpeed thy way, and leave  
To Rome thy ruin'd fanes and tents unſtor'd.

## ODIN.

Who of my ſons muſt reign, goddeſs, declare.

## GONDULA.

Be thine the taſk to chooſe. I muſt no more.  
Lift up thy falchion. Thus I charm the blade,  
Henceforth, where'er it falls, it ſhall be mortal.  
Farewell. My ſteeds, o'er yonder pines, await me,  
Veil'd in a cloud. Remember me. Revere  
The gods. Love war. And glow with hate of Rome.

[*Exit Gondula.*]

## ODIN, CHORUS, &amp;c. &amp;c.

## ODIN.

Hate her ? yes, heavenly visitant, while life  
Beats in these veins, I swear to hate her. Here,  
Here from my heart I banish all affections,  
Save hate of Rome. And on my sword I vow,  
On these cold mountains I shall view no more,  
My life to her destruction. Marches long,  
O'er wood, moor, fen, and rock, and snowy wild,  
Where not a foe will cheer the way with conquest,  
The fang of winter, and keen famine's gripe,  
Shall never break me. I will know no joy,  
But in the means of vengeance, of a vengeance,  
Not rash, intemperate, prematurely rous'd,  
But steady and deep laid, the work of ages,  
When I shall sleep in earth. Be my last words  
Utter'd in cursing Rome ; be my last act

Some deed to aid in making fure her ruin.

## CHORUS.

Sifters, thefe awful wonders have o'erpower'd me.

My breaft with tumults ftrange is tofs'd. I joy,

That Rome fhall fall, fall by our hands ; I joy

In fafety, which preserves our honour pure.

Yet all is ftrange ; and, gazing round, I doubt,

Whether the fcenes I view, thofe rocks and hills,

Yon clouds impending, and thefe well-known faces

Are real, or but vifions of the fancy

Mocking the cheated fenfe.

## ODIN.

Know, noble dames,

When the brave patriot fights, yet fights in vain,

And, desperate of freedom, 'gainft himfelf

Is arm'd, that they, to whom the brave are dear,

Down from their radiant orbs defcending, aid

Worth like their own, fo to preserve on earth



Free warriors, noblest images of gods.

CHORUS.

The scene has quite o'erpower'd me.

ODIN.

Well it may.

Your minds are weak and mortal, all unus'd  
To heavenly visitations. You repose  
In the tame present. But the prophet's eye,  
Glancing through all futurity, beholds  
Great empires rise and fall, Rome and her kingdoms  
Pass like a dream away. The time will come,  
When the proud mountains, the broad base of earth,  
The ocean, and majestic firmament  
Shall vanish into nothing. Happier worlds,  
Lighted by other suns and stars, shall rise  
The eternal home of warriors just and free.  
Support me : my frame shakes : the God, the God,  
O'erpowers my spirit : I am lost in schemes

Too wonderful for utterance.

## CHORUS.

Turn we, sisters,

To present themes his mind. Westward declin'd  
Bright shines the moon full orb'd in heaven. Our  
flight

Demands us. Mighty prince, thy faithful Asæ  
Expect thy bidding : they thy hallow'd steps  
Will follow to the utmost bounds of earth,

## ODIN.

Be all our dead, scatter'd upon the rocks,  
Laid by the priest in holy earth ; command  
That sacrifice be made, such as was offer'd  
What day we mounted first our father's throne.

## CHORUS.

Such piety the gods will recompence.

## ODIN.

Now for our course. Before the tangled thicket

At the cave's mouth, beneath the fane of Thor,  
Asssemble we, ere yet the high moon reach  
That part of heaven, which overhangs yon pines.

## CHORUS.

Come then, ye babes, offspring of gallant chiefs,  
Snatch'd by the gods from death, great instruments  
Selected for heroic feats, O turn,  
Turn from your native land, unconscious yet  
How strong the patriot feeling. Other realms  
Shall give that godlike liberty, which here,  
Your birthright, you would lose. Be ours the task  
To form you ev'n in infant life to greatness;  
To send you bounding o'er the frozen rock,  
To steep you in the icy stream, or roll  
In snows; and in the camp, virtue's great school,  
'Twixt boy and boy exchanging bloody strokes  
Raise as in sport the image of fierce war.

## ODIN.

Be the black raven borne upon our march  
Before us, under which, in ancient days,  
Our ancestor NICADOR nobly fought,  
When from the east he led his gallant tribes  
To these cold hills beyond the Caspian shore.  
On to the cave.

## CHORUS.

One look, yet one look more,  
Though they be veil'd beneath the mask of night,  
Down on the valleys, dear as known in youth,  
But now more dear when to be left for ever.  
Ye verdant meads, by cooling rivers spread,  
Ye fields, on which the summer smiles, farewell :  
Farewell ye plains, with golden harvests crown'd,  
O'er which our infant feet have roam'd : O fount  
And banks of Cyrus, azure stream, delight

Of virgins sporting in thy glassy wave ;  
No more shall we behold you : we must go  
Far distant : yet in other valleys, wash'd  
By other streams, we will remember you.  
Though now we dwell on higher joys, more fit  
For years mature ; yet ne'er shall the innocent bliss,  
Once known amidst your peaceful forests, want  
Grateful remembrance, but be oft recall'd  
At distance from your dells and copses green.

## ODIN.

The warrior, born to liberty, admits  
No charm of foil : wherever he is free,  
There is his native land. The bleakest rock,  
Beat by the northern tempest, where the bear  
Seeks covert, would, from Roman tyrants free,  
Be dearer than yon subjugated plains,  
Though soften'd by the summer's gentle breath,  
Waving with golden fruits, and cloath'd with vines.

On to the cave. Remember, gallant chiefs,  
To the cold regions of the north we go  
To keep the charter of our being, freedom :  
To plan the fall of Rome : to form a race  
Able to master her, and ages hence  
Avenge the insult, which their fathers feel.

# EMMA.



Levis est una mors  
Virginum culpæ.

HOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAIRCY.

HENRY, *Son of Claircy.*

MORTIMER.

EMMA, *Daughter of Claircy.*

CHORUS of *Virgins attendant on Emma.*

*Scene on the Banks of the WYE.*



# EMMA.

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## CHORUS.

### CHORUS.

IF ought of nature's pleasant works, or charm  
Of rural quiet, purest fount of peace,  
Might touch thee, EMMA, this sequester'd vale  
Would soothe, where under shadowy rocks the stream  
Glides peaceful, and the gentle breath of heaven  
Fresh blows ; while solitude with awful calm,  
Almost exceeding human, holds the scene,  
Semblance of Paradise. Yet all to thee,  
Though beauteous, shine unjoyful : hidden care,

Sad inmate, o'er thy gentle breast usurps  
Absolute sway ; admitting nor repose  
Nor pleasure day or night. Far other once  
We knew thee : not long distant is the time,  
When, happy and inspiring happiness,  
Thou wert alive to every joy, that springs  
From innocence, and youth's delightful glow,  
And beauty's conscious charm ; object most pure,  
Good, artless, amiable, cheerful, mild ;  
Best image, if in language not profane  
I speak, of those angelic forms, who hold  
High heaven, and virtue only know, and peace.  
At what an hour, sad mourner, dost thou feed  
These sorrows : Berkeley's potent lord to height  
Of station in his ancient house renown'd  
Invites thee, where the first of Britain's dames  
Might view thee envious : thou, a stranger yet  
To thought of exaltation, little dream'st

Of courts or pomp, in these romantic woods  
Tutor'd to nature's simple joys. Not so  
Thy fire : he with ambitious hope elate  
Swells, and with honest joy o'erflows. Yon sun,  
Now blazing high on his meridian throne,  
Sees not in the wide circle of his course  
A mortal blest as CLAIRCY. May he know  
No change, nor prove, as much we fear, distress.  
But see, the mourner comes : how beautiful  
In sorrow ! O that grief, pale habitant,  
Should seize that breast, which guilt, her harbinger,  
Ne'er enter'd. Try we sweetly soothing strains,  
O sisters, which, of force to calm the breast,  
These valleys and romantic scenes inspire.

(*Enter EMMA.*)

CHORUS.

Stranger on this busy sphere  
Thou art found, O Quiet, here.

High rocks rais'd in solitude  
The tumultuous world exclude :  
Under shadowy mountains, flow  
The sequester'd waters flow.  
Whether morning's golden ray  
On the glittering current play,  
Or o'er the disappearing vale  
Evening draw her mantle pale,  
Stranger, on this busy sphere,  
Thou art found, O Quiet, here.

## EMMA.

Thanks, virgins : but, alas ! your duteous zeal,  
Affectionate, is waisted on my heart,  
As the sweet bird of eve to deserts sings.

## CHORUS.

O gentle lady, deem us not unmindful,  
How friendship oft on secret grief intrudes  
Officious, and with foolish importunity

Distresses, where its tendernefs would heal.  
Long have I mark'd thy filent anguish : now  
Thy sorrows flow unbounded : yet thy BIRTHA  
Is stranger to the caufe.

EMMA.

Indeed, indeed,  
Thou must not know. I am of all most wretched :  
The riling fun shall never cheer me more.  
Death is my only hope : the grave, perhaps,  
May yield me peace at last.

CHORUS.

To tell thy griefs  
Might charm their force : and great is friendship's  
power,  
Melting in pity and sweet consolation.

EMMA.

Alas ! the days of friendship all are fled.  
My prefence will be baleful. I shall find

No friend henceforth to own me. Thou perhaps,  
Mov'd by thy innocent tendernefs of heart,  
Wilt feel compaffion : but alas ! my BIRTHA,  
Thou wilt not dare to fhew the world thy pity.

## CHORUS.

Amazement ! dreadful prologue ! ftay thy fpeech ;  
Thy meaning with thy words can ne'er agree.

## EMMA.

When I am gone, have pity on my father.  
Stay near and comfort him, he will need comfort,  
Indeed he will. But thou may'ft soothe him, BIRTHA ;  
Thy gentle fpeech may charm his forrowing breaft :  
O, for unhappy EMMA's fake, on him  
Pour all that kindnefs I muft know no more.

## CHORUS.

Thy words o'erpow'r me with alarm and wonder.  
What means this grief thus fudden, this defpair ?

## EMMA.

Long has my breast, struggling 'twixt hope and fear,  
With the dread secret labour'd : while I hop'd,  
I would not speak. All hope at length is past,  
And now I thus must give a loose to anguish :  
Am I not alter'd ? Look upon my face.

Seest thou not marks of shame ? O MORTIMER,  
O cruel, false, ungrateful MORTIMER,  
To what a depth of misery hast thou sunk me !

## CHORUS.

Ah ! what of MORTIMER ? why nam'st thou him ?

## EMMA.

Oh ! he is gone, far gone, for ever from me,  
And with him all my peace. He found me, sisters,  
But three short summer months have pass'd, he found me  
Pure, virtuous, happy : and I now am left,  
The most undone, most wretched of my sex.

CHORUS.

O lost, for ever lost !

EMMA.

Ye do not know,

Virgins, ye know not, with what treacherous art

He practis'd on a breast, which love had soften'd.

I was betray'd : I fell a sacrifice

To the frank thoughts of unsuspecting youth.

Had I been more distrustful in my nature,

I had not been the hopeless thing you see me.

CHORUS.

O hapless, wretched fair !

EMMA.

I see him now

Base, artful, cruel : once I knew him, maidens,

The grace of tournaments, praise of gallant knights,

And admiration of our high-born dames.



With scenes of war, and feats of glorious fields,  
Blazon'd in the fine phrase of youthful pride,  
He charm'd my private ear : as o'er the lists,  
When some brave youth had bow'd beneath his arm,  
With nodding plume, the gaze of every eye,  
All graceful, in triumphant state he mov'd,  
And at my feet, on bended knee, submits  
Proffer'd the spoils of gorgeous chivalry ;  
O BIRTHA, in that splendid hour he shone,  
Like some Divinity ; and at his will  
Moulded my captive heart, and rul'd my soul.

## CHORUS.

The fame of chivalry, and knightly feats,  
Moving the young and generous heart of woman,  
Act like a spell.

## EMMA.

Oft he discours'd on marriage, but perplex'd  
With mystery and strange ambiguity

Each purpose : strict concealment for a time  
He ask'd, his father's harsh and wayward mood  
The cause assign'd : most tenderly I lov'd him,  
And easily believ'd whate'er he taught.  
But yesterday he gave me earnest hope,  
That not another sun should view my wrongs.  
Now he is gone, sudden has fled away ;  
And left his EMMA to remorse and shame.

## CHORUS.

We cannot fear, O sisters, to be found  
I' th' train of those, who give with tongue profane  
Courage to vice, and minister alike  
To guilt or virtue : yet refuse we ne'er  
To solace the unhappy, to protect  
The outcast and the orphan ; to relieve  
By lenient speech, and back to virtue's path  
By deeds of gentle charity recall  
The wanderer, who hath left her peaceful way.

## EMMA.

Nay rather, virgins, leave me ; quit your charge ;  
Your fame will suffer, your unspotted fame,  
Should ye be seen in charitable converse  
With such a wretch as I am. Hark ! what noise  
Reaches my ear ? It sounded like the step  
Of my poor father. O, I cannot bear  
To think how I shall grieve his tender spirit.

## CHORUS.

Cherish not, gentle lady, such sad thoughts.

## EMMA.

Oh, I have nothing to expect but woes.  
The world can ne'er forget me, nor forgive :  
I have debas'd a high unspotted house.  
They cannot own me, cannot but with blushes  
Think that I once was numbered amongst them.  
HENRY will long be pointed at as brother  
Of one most base, and most abandoned.

My father will descend in shame and grief  
To a sad grave : and EMMA, whom he lov'd  
With tendernefs, on whom he always fmil'd,  
EMMA will be the wretched parricide.

## CHORUS.

Shall I with friendfhip's holy confidence  
Gain on his heart ? We may devife fome means  
To hide thee and thy sorrows from the world.

## EMMA.

Not yet, not yet. Be filent yet, I charge thee :  
I will not break upon his peace of mind  
Till dread neceffity compels. Perhaps  
Ere that my woes may ceafe : for, O my BIRTHA,  
My frame grows weak. It is my only hope,  
That I fhall die. I will not lift my hand  
Arm'd againft myfelf ; nor with fuch added guilt  
Opprefs a foul already funk with fin.  
No, thou almighty Power, I will await

Patient thy heaviest wrath. Perhaps at length  
Thou wilt in mercy call me to the tomb.  
Whate'er thy holy will, O be it done.

[*Exit Emma.*]

CHORUS.

*Strophe.*

What may in earth, or sea, or air,  
With thee, O Chastity, compare ?  
The morning dew, the virgin snow,  
Thy purity but faintly shew :  
High near the eternal throne thy birth,  
Thou walk'st an angel-guest the earth ;  
And in thy mildly awful mien  
The character of heaven is seen.  
When first with perfect beauty grac'd  
Woman in Paradise was plac'd,  
To thee the wondrous birth was given ;

Adorn'd by thee she shone with glories brought from  
heav'n.

*Antistrophe.*

Sweet were the strains, divinely sung,  
Truth on the fiction wondering hung,  
Which told, how Chastity from harm  
Was holden by superior charm ;  
How rushing gloomy from the wood  
The savage in amazement stood,  
While she, like some divinity,  
Pass'd in majestic meekness by.  
No Demon foul from fog or storm,  
Or fen, or flood, could touch her form :  
Unfelt, the fire's devouring flame  
And ocean's whelming wave assail'd her charmed frame.

*Epode.*

The British dames, who roam'd of yore

Through Arvon's glens, or Mona's wood,  
Or Devon's fairy-peopled shore,  
Adoring hail'd thee sovereign good.  
And thou didst to their maiden heart  
Celestial sanctity impart :  
Within their hallow'd breast some God,  
As in a temple pure, abode :  
The Druid left the magic oak,  
And listen'd, while the virgin spoke :  
The warrior heard ; and at her heavenly word  
Or blew the blast of war, or hid the sheathed sword.

*Antepode.*

O that our song, divinest maid,  
Might charm thee back to EMMA's aid :  
Forbear the fruitless hope, forbear :  
Vain are wishes, vain is pray'r.  
Not he, who rolls his thunders dread  
O'er Plinlimmon's gloomy head,

Great nature's Lord, may violate  
The eternal law, severe as fate.  
He at will could bid arise  
Earth, and sea, and laughing skies ;  
And by the ministry of thought  
May bring the wondrous whole to nought ;  
But cannot to the female frame,  
Impure with guilt, and foul with shame,  
Recall thy presence meek, nor heal her wounded fame.

## CLAIRCY AND CHORUS.

## CLAIRCY.

'Tis long, ye virgins, since I knew such bliss.  
To-day the weight of age seems shaken off,  
And youthful spirits raise me. EMMA, now  
I feel that heart-inspiring joy for thee,  
Which brighten'd once my gay and busy hours,  
When thy dear mother wedded. See, she comes



Moving in maiden innocence along,  
Little fuspicious of the mighty honours,  
That wait to blufh upon her.

EMMA.

My father.

CLAIRCY.

Where fpeeds my child ?

EMMA.

To pious fhriefft at Tintern.

CLAIRCY.

Thy compt is eafy with the holy man.  
Be it deferr'd fome moments. Look on me.  
Read'ft thou not pleafure in my aged face ?

EMMA.

I do ; and feel it glowing at my heart.

CLAIRCY.

'Tis for thy fake, my EMMA.

EMMA.

Oh !

CLAIRCY.

Haft thou e'er thought on marriage ?

EMMA.

Sir, my father !

CLAIRCY.

What thinks my EMMA of the Lord of Raymond ?

'Say, would she quit her father's lowly roof,  
To shine upon the Severn's neighbouring banks,  
Mistress of Berkeley's towers, and wife of Raymond ?  
Now listen. See this letter. 'Tis from Raymond,  
The aged lord. He asks of me my EMMA  
In marriage for his son. I would not send  
The tidings to my daughter : I would be  
Myself the joyful herald. I would view  
The pleasure, that must mantle on her cheeks,

When first such unhop'd greatness dawns upon her.

EMMA.

My father, O my father!

CLAIRCY.

Thou look'st pale,

My EMMA, thy tears fall.

EMMA.

It grieves my heart

To interrupt thy stream of joy, and turn

Thy smiles so soon to tears.

CLAIRCY.

What means my daughter?

My EMMA, speak: I thought with sweet surprise

To steal on thee, and brighten thy young heart

With gladness like my own.

EMMA.

Lo! on my knees

I bend, where never yet I knelt in vain.

If in thy bosom still I hold a place ;  
If thou canst gaze on me with silent joy ;  
If, as thou oft hast told me in thy fondness,  
I bear some slight resemblance of my mother ;  
Name not, O name not RAYMOND : let the hope,  
Sweet as it is, for ever leave thy breast :  
Banish it, O my father.

CLAIRCY.

I am lost

In grief and wonder. Is it thus my child  
Rewards my eighteen years of care and fondness ?  
Till now I knew her not : I was deceiv'd :  
And what I wish'd, my easy heart believ'd.

EMMA.

O do not frown. O do not speak in wrath.  
Indeed I cannot bear it.

CHORUS.

Gentle fire,

Deem not our speech presumptuous : well we know  
The awful reverence of a parent's name.  
But we would charm your anger, would restore,  
Kind father, comfort to the heart of EMMA,  
Thy lov'd, thy loving EMMA.

CLAIRCY.

Rise, my child.

EMMA.

I must not, till thou look'st with kindness on me.

CLAIRCY.

My speech was hasty. Sudden disappointment,  
After a glow of joy unwonted, bore me  
Beyond myself. Thou must forgive me, EMMA.  
Henceforth I never will name RAYMOND to thee.  
Though to behold thee grace his noble house  
Would glad my age beyond all joys; yet not  
For all the wealth of England would I give  
My daughter's hand, where she denies her heart.

## CHORUS.

O sifers, can there aught be found on earth  
So touching, so delightful, as the voice  
Affectionate, and gentle act of love,  
Which nature from the tender father draws ?

## EMMA.

Nay, do not speak so kindly. I could bear  
Ev'n anger better than this gentleness.  
Me miserable ! What have I to hope  
Of peace ? Whether my father smiles or frowns,  
EMMA, his EMMA must, alas ! be wretched.

## CLAIRCY.

I have disclaim'd all my authority,  
And would be thought thy friend. Use me as such,  
And thou shalt find me, EMMA, true and tender  
As ever bore the name. Some hidden care,  
Mastering with overbearing strength thy nature,  
Must press thee : tell me, tell thy tender father :

His fondness shall indulge, his wisdom guide thee.

EMMA.

O I have reasons strong : do not, O do not  
Urge me to speak them.

CLAIRCY.

Ha ! Perhaps another  
Baseborn——But, s'death ! no one would fure have  
dar'd it.

The name of CLAIRCY —

EMMA.

No, upon my life.

Trust me, this heart is dead to all affection.

And 'tis my solemn purpose to devote

My life to come to lonely singleness.

If ever from this firm resolve I swerve,

If e'er this truant heart belie my tongue,

Mercy forswear me ; let me never know

The charm of soft society, nor more

Hear the sweet music of a father's voice.

CLAIRCY.

What means my EMMA ? does my daughter's heart  
Glow with the flame of virgin sanctity ?

Means she to dedicate to peace and God,  
With some chaste sisterhood, her blameless life ?

EMMA.

Do not, I beg thee, do not, O my father,  
Question me more. I will do all to please thee.  
O what a wretch am I !

CLAIRCY.

Forbear, my child :

Thy sorrows wring thy aged parent's heart.

EMMA.

I cannot think of thy unbounded goodness,  
And see thee melting now in grief before me,  
But I must mourn, must weep, must gaze on thee,  
Till my heart aches.



CLAIRCY.

As thou dost love thy father,  
Make known thy griefs : he may do much to soothe  
thee.

EMMA.

Enquire no more : be happy while thou may'st :  
EMMA would hide her griefs from thee for ever.  
But, O my father, thou wilt know too soon.

*[Exit Emma.]*

CLAIRCY.

What can she mean ? Some heavy disappointment  
Lies hard upon her. Shame and inborn pride  
Have check'd her tongue. Upon her easy heart, perhaps,  
Some vassal youth, with humble virtues grac'd,  
Has stolen unheeded. Take my pity, EMMA,  
And lean upon my comfort ; thou wilt need  
Counsel and love and tender sympathy  
To bear thee up in honour's noble course.

Hark ! 'tis the horn that sounds. My son appears ;  
O EMMA, hide thy sorrows from thy brother ;  
I dread his fiery spirit.

(*Enter HENRY.*)

HENRY.

Not wed with RAYMOND ? Not exalt our house  
With titled greatness, equal to the proudest  
That stand in EDWARD's presence ? Spurn a youth,  
Whose valour, freshly grac'd with high renown,  
Might move the coldest breath ? By heav'n 'tis strange,  
Passing belief. But I will seek her strait,  
And chide severe this maiden waywardness.  
My father !

CLAIRCY.

O my son, it grieves me fore  
To mark the storm, which passion seems to move  
In thy young breast. We must with patient mind  
Explore, and with affection's gentle force

Soothe the sad sorrows of our EMMA's heart.

HENRY.

Ere reason op'd her powers, before the time  
When memory dawn'd, affection in my breast,  
Planted by Nature's hand, drew me to EMMA  
With an invifible and filent charm.

Together we have pafs'd the morn of life ;  
Together on a ftrange unpractis'd world  
Firft threw our wondering eye. Strongly I hop'd,  
While in the camp I reap'd an honeft fame,  
To fee her beauty lift our humble houfe,  
And fhine on high among our British dames.

CLAIRCY.

Alas ! my boy, each word, that leaves thy lips,  
Is as a dagger to my heart : my pride,  
My hope, my daily thought, my nightly dream,  
Were all for HENRY's fame and EMMA's greatness;  
Thy paffion wakes again the glorious flame,

Which pity for a daughter's grief suppress'd.

HENRY.

I am bewilder'd in a maze of thought.

What sways her will?

CLAIRCY.

She solemnly protests

Never to know the holy marriage state.

HENRY.

She must be RAYMOND's; his high character,

His ancient line, the honour of our house,

The indignity put on his noble person,

All urge the marriage.

CLAIRCY.

Son, suppress thy rage.

I would not have my EMMA's gentle spirit

Affail'd with violence. She seems to need

All we can give of love. She takes perhaps,

After a struggle long and hard with nature,

High-minded honour's steep and thorny path ;  
Greatly foregoes, perhaps, some vassal youth.

HENRY.

On reasons strong and urgent, O my fire,  
Build'st thou this thought ? Or is it fancy's child,  
Bred in the curious but uncertain brain ?  
If she so wed, join'd as she strongly stands  
By nature to me, I would spurn the bond,  
And pass her, like the impious Pagan, by,  
Disdaining speech.

CLAIRCY.

I speak not, O my son,  
From facts acknowledged : never has a sigh,  
Nor casual glance, nor vaguely utter'd word  
Betray'd such secret purpose : but, O HENRY,  
What other cause can sway the maiden will  
To give such strange denial ?

HENRY.

She must wed :  
Swiftly I fly to urge her on the suit.

CLAIRCY.

Deal kindly with her, HENRY : like a spirit  
Mild and already broken, question her.  
Grant heaven, in mercy to her peace and ours,  
Persuasion to thy words, and bend her heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SEMICHORUS.

O that our eye might penetrate  
The thick mysterious gloom of fate,  
And trace the beauteous mourner clear  
Through error's mazy labyrinth drear !  
But ah ! when thoughtless woman strays,  
Long the windings, dark the ways,  
And clouds of evils deepening lie,  
Threatful o'er futurity.

## SEMICHORUS.

O Virtue, daughter of the sky,  
Bright with angel sanctity ;  
Thine is a delightful round  
Through enchanted fairy ground.  
There eternal sunshine gleams ;  
There the fount of pleasure streams ;  
There the song of hope resounds,  
And heaven itself the prospect bounds.

(*A Storm.—Enter EMMA.*)

## EMMA.

Where shall I fly ? where hide my fears, my shame,  
From the dread wrath of heaven ? The power of  
vengeance

Is now abroad ; and he will strike me. Hark !  
The thunder how it awes me ! bursting loud  
From the low cloud, and dreadly multiplied  
With replications from the rocks and dells,

The caves, and hollow shores ; the lightnings, lo !  
With momentary lustre, quick reveal  
The woods, and stream, and hoary precipice :  
Then all are clos'd at once in tenfold gloom.  
With fiery redness the repeated flash  
Plays on the wave : if e'er malignant sprites,  
On purposes of vengeance sent, come forth  
To appal the guilty, now is sure their hour ;  
I feel them, O I feel them here. That stroke  
Again ! O how it shakes my nature !

(*Enter CLAIRCY.*)

CLAIRCY.

EMMA,

My daughter, sure I heard thee. Sad thy moans  
Sound at each awful interval of thunder.  
Where art thou, EMMA ? 'Tis thy father calls.  
Thy father comes to thee.



EMMA.

The time has been,  
When I could view the fiery flash unaw'd,  
And stand before the angry thunderbolt  
Without a pang. It will be so no more.  
My innocence is past, my fearless hours.

CLAIRCY.

Is't thou, my daughter, heard amidst the storm,  
Plaining to the angry elements ?

EMMA.

My father,  
Save me. That crash, it pierc'd my very heart ;  
Methought the high rocks shook ; O they will fall,  
Will fall upon thy wretched EMMA's head.

CLAIRCY.

Why should'st thou fear ? The guilty only fear.  
Heav'n threats not in its wrath thy blameless heart ;  
It rolls its thunders only o'er the guilty.

## EMMA.

O God of heaven, behold me stand before thee,  
Broken in spirit, young, and poor, and simple,  
With a most heavy weight of guilt upon me.  
I do not wish to live ; I nor deserve  
Thy pity, nor can deprecate thy wrath.  
I will be patient, will be very patient,  
When thou art passing in thy terrors o'er me.

## CLAIRCY.

What can alarm my child ? Never before  
Saw I her seiz'd with such wild apprehensions.

## EMMA.

Yet look on me as young and ignorant ;  
As very simple, easily deluded ;  
I fell, because I trusted to another,  
And MORTIMER was base, and work'd my ruin :  
I murmur not, if instantly thou strike :  
Yet I could wish, if it had been thy will,

That some short time were given me for repentance.

CLAIRCY.

My child, my child, thou know'st not what thou say'st:  
Thou speak'st in phrensy.

EMMA.

What in phrensy said I?

CLAIRCY.

That MORTIMER had basely work'd thy ruin.

EMMA.

Then I but said the truth. O gentle fire,  
Wilt thou forgive me? Speak, speak instantly;  
Yon bolt will soon destroy me. O my father,  
Before it falls, let me receive thy pardon.

CLAIRCY.

O virgins, ye in friendly kindness wait,  
Tempting the rage of this distemper'd sky.  
EMMA from reason strays, and wildly raves  
Of MORTIMER, charging on him her ruin.

CHORUS.

O fatal truth ! O ever-during shame !

CLAIRCY.

What ! is there cause then ?

CHORUS.

Cause, alas ! too strong.

CLAIRCY.

Then fall in mercy on me, ye hot bolts ;

And strike me on the instant to the earth.

*[Falls on the ground.]*

EMMA.

Ha ! has the fiery vengeance lighted here !

And art thou, O my father, gone before me !

Must all our house be smitten with heaven's rod

For one weak, ignorant, offending child ?

Yes ; they must perish all like thee, poor father.

My trespass must be visited on all.

## CHORUS.

Rise, fir.

## CLAIRCY.

Peace, peace ; why should I ever rise again ?  
I have liv'd long enough. I had but one,  
One daughter ; she has miserably fail'd me.

*(Storm increases.)*

## EMMA.

O that some friendly bolt would strike me dead !  
That I might expiate by one blow my guilt,

## CLAIRCY.

EMMA, thy father cannot curse thee, child ;  
But he will ne'er again be blest'd in thee.  
Thou hast thrown poison into his cup of life,  
And he must drink it hourly till he dies.

## CHORUS.

EMMA, retire within ; I will take charge  
Of your poor father.

EMMA.

No, I rather choose

To run abroad beneath the dreadful cope

Of the loud rending fiery flaming heaven.

Tis better far to dwell amidst the storm,

And dare the dread earth-shaking thunderbolt,

Than look, as I do now, upon a father,

Streaming with tears, and tearing his white locks

In grief and shame for an unworthy child,

[*Runs out.*

CLAIRCY.

Follow her, BIRTHA ; lest some desperate deed

Be done in rage. Would she were dead ! O God,

Have I then liv'd to wish my EMMA dead !

[*Exit.*

CHORUS. I. 1.

Fearful spirit, where, O where

Speed'st thou through the troubled air ?

With dread, with dread is seen

Thy horror-striking mien :

Hide in earth thy snaky crest ;

Bid thy rod of vengeance rest :

Thou point'st with silent finger there :

O spare the beauteous Mourner, spare.

Ah whence that scowl, those angry eyes ?

Why thus thy swelling form rear to gigantic size ?

I. 2.

“ Fly,” he cries, “ nor dare to stay

“ CONSCIENCE on his stormy way,

“ The guilty Fair shall own

“ The horrors of my frown.

“ See, this writhing snake I go

“ In her tortur'd breast to throw.

“ This scourge shall thunder in her ears.

“ I scorn her sorrows, mock her tears.

“ All peace, all pleasure I expel ;

“ And despot in her heart with iron sceptre dwell.

I. 3.

“ Man, thy secret guilt conceal ;

“ Arm'd with power, thy crimes avow ;

“ 'Scape the agonizing wheel ;

“ 'Scape the axe's deathful blow.

“ I live thy bane ;

“ To fly is vain ;

“ The tempest wakes my vengeful train.

“ Rapid as the lightning flies,

“ Mighty as the thunder stone,

“ I bid the fearful fancies rise,

“ I wring the conscious heart with agonies,

“ I draw the burning tear, I force the bitter groan.

II. 1.

“ Hie thee to the gay repast :

“ Poison in thy cup I cast.

“ Go woo supreme delight



“ In beauty’s witching fight :

“ There am I ; my baleful pow’r

“ Triumphs o’er the rapturous hour.

“ Go seek in peaceful sleep repose ;

“ My frown forbids thy eyes to close :

“ Or lo ! I grant a transient rest :

“ ’Tis but to fright in dreams thy spectre-haunted  
“ breast.

## II. 2.

“ Fly to Cornwall’s wizard caves ;

“ Fly to Deva’s lonely waves.

“ In vain. O’er deserts rude

“ And awful solitude,

“ I my silent horrors shed

“ Vengeful on the guilty head.

“ And, when the midnight shades descend,

“ Amidst the uncertain gloom I fend

“ The impious brood of guilt and fear,  
“ Grim forms, and beckoning shapes, and calling  
“ voices drear.

## II. 3.

“ Yet misdeem not, that a curse  
“ Wait I but on, deeds of shame :  
“ No ;—when wiser mortals nurse  
“ Holy Virtue’s gen’rous flame,  
“ An angel brow  
“ I glistering show ;  
“ Ardent glories round me glow.  
“ Sweeter than the gale of spring,  
“ Softer than the summer’s breath,  
“ Hope I whisper, peace I bring ;  
“ In me eternal founts of pleasure spring,  
“ And mine the bliss in life, and mine the smile in  
“ death.”

(*Enter* HENRY.)

HENRY.

Virgins, my eager steps explor'd your haunts  
Through the steep woods and hoary rocks of Wye.  
I move in torture : rumours wild and strange  
Have reach'd me touching EMMA. Have ye heard ?  
Belief I long withheld. But ah ! confessions,  
Breath'd in the storm from terror, stagger me.  
Speak, hast thou heard ?

CHORUS.

I have : but do not look  
With such fierce wildness. EMMA's artless nature  
Has fall'n the prey of practis'd villainy.

HENRY.

Is it then true ?

CHORUS.

Ah ! would I might deny it.

HENRY.

Thus from my heart, then thus from all affection  
I banish her for ever. But, O virgins,  
Not all the Atlantic waters can expunge  
The infamy that cleaves to all her race.  
I am ashamed to think how I have lov'd her !  
But she shall find me stern in that high worth,  
Which she has slighted. 'Tis my firm resolve  
Never to entertain discourse with her,  
Never to see her more. But tell me, BIRTHA,  
Was MORTIMER the man ?

CHORUS.

The same.

HENRY.

When went he hence ?

CHORUS.

But yesterday at morn.

HENRY.

Which road inclin'd ?

CHORUS.

Along the Wye to Monmouth.

HENRY.

But yesterday you said.

CHORUS.

At morn.

HENRY.

What, ho !

*(Enter a Servant.)*

Bring my fleet Arab forth. Yes, injur'd honour,  
Yes, thou shalt have thy vengeance. HENRY sleeps not,  
Till MORTIMER has met me hand to hand,  
And death decided the great cause betwixt us.

*[Exit.]*

(*Enter CLAIRCY.*)

CLAIRCY.

How hard the disappointed father's lot !  
No griefs from sickness or misfortune flow  
Like those which wring his bosom. Heedless mortal !  
Through the long course of manhood weakly fond  
He rears from infant helplessness his children  
To be a sting, a torture, a sore plague,  
Troubling his sickly age. For oft at length,  
When the full flush of life is strong upon them,  
And his weak state most wants their filial aid ;  
Either he views them struggling with hard fortune,  
And buffeting the high rude waves of life ;  
Or, should the kind world smile on them, they drop,  
Even in the golden hour, by fell disease,  
And leave him loud lamenting o'er their grave ;  
Or, if they live, ingratitude perhaps,  
Prosperity's malignant child, comes forth,

And strikes within his breast its venom'd sting :  
Or while he doats upon them, young and artless,  
The prey of villainy, they fall to shame,  
And, like poor EMMA, lose themselves for ever.  
The wretched parent lingers on awhile,  
Sees them cast off by the cold world, then sinks,  
Broken in spirit, to a gloomy grave.  
BIRTHA, how left'st thou EMMA ? Thou, I fear,  
Hast suffer'd much in thy kind zeal of friendship.

## CHORUS.

Exhausted she has sunk at length to rest.

## CLAIRCY.

Poor lost one ! thou hadst all within thy reach,  
All that this world can give of peace and pleasure.  
How hast thou lost it ! Never shall the sun  
Rise on thy joys again. What thou canst have,  
Shall yet be thine ; what comfort I can yield,  
Thou shalt not want : unworthy as thou art,

I am thy father still. BIRTHA, the chambers  
Up in the Norman tower, be they prepar'd :  
There shall she live sequester'd.

## CHORUS.

O may Hope,  
Blithe cherub, with Religion, heavenly guest,  
Visit again her troubled frame, and heal  
With gentle influence her wounded heart.

## CLAIRCY.

There shall her hapless state be comforted  
With the mild offices of sad affection.  
There shall her father frequent visit her,  
Mourn o'er his daughter, witness her repentance,  
And cheer her sadden'd heart with holy hope.

## CHORUS.

We go to visit her. Perhaps ere this  
She has awak'd.



CLAIRCY.

'Tis fit I see her, BIRTHA ;

The meeting will be torture ; be it so ;  
She must not sink in cold despondency,  
Nor pine a desperate outcast.

CHORUS.

Shall we bid her  
Attend your presence here ?

CLAIRCY.

I must have time :  
I cannot see her now : it well becomes me  
To man my heart with decent fortitude.  
She must not know the weakness of my nature.  
Some half hour hence, beneath this oak, that flings  
From the steep rock his broad arms o'er the stream,  
Bid her expect me.

*[Exit Semicborus.]*

## CLAIRCY.

How are the high hopes of my life all blasted !  
The blight has o'er me pass'd, and in my autumn  
My ripen'd fruits are nipp'd. O cheerless age,  
How gloomy is thy coming on, when fled  
Are all the honours, comforts, grace, respect,  
That soothe thy pains ! On what can I look back  
To cheer me ! On the years of pleasure past  
Now turn'd by cruel memory into pain !  
What can I see before me but disgrace,  
The shame and sufferings of the child I love,  
The honest tears of friends, and scorn of foes ?  
Ev'n present joys, the common gifts of nature,  
The sunshine, cheering spring-tide, and fresh gale,  
Have lost their taste of pleasure. O ye rocks,  
And wooded steeps, hung o'er the shadowy Wye ;  
Ye hills and vales, ye fountains, streams, and meads,  
Ye have no joys for me. I can but teach

Your echoes to repeat my woes ; but throw  
My aged limbs beneath the secret shade,  
And hide myself and all my shame among ye.

(*Enter HENRY.*)

HENRY.

Are they my father's piercing notes of grief,  
That fill these woods ?

CLAIRCY.

My HENRY, O my HENRY,  
Thou art my only comfort, only hope.

HENRY.

Curse on the unworthy wretch that makes me so.

CLAIRCY.

O do not curse her, HENRY.

HENRY.

What, not curse her ?

CLAIRCY.

O no ; I cannot bear so harsh a word.

## HENRY.

Has she not bow'd thee with a heavy weight  
Of grief, too much I fear for aged nature ?  
Has she not stain'd a tide of noble blood,  
Which ne'er was sullied till it flow'd through her ?  
Does she not raise the blush upon my cheek,  
When the thought rises that she is my sister ?  
Thy fortunes are but humble : our sole birthright  
Was honour ; and 'twas one more precious far  
Than kings could give : this she has basely stain'd,  
And infamously wasted on a wretch.  
May this good sword, when lifted o'er a foe,  
Drop from me, if I look on her again.

## CLAIRCY.

O thou dost pain me, sharpen my affliction.  
She is thy sister still ; one mother bore you.

## HENRY.

She was my pride ; the object next my honour,

Which I most priz'd : at tilts and tournaments  
My heart has swell'd to see her maiden beauties,  
And the meek modest grace adorning them,  
The gaze of gallant knights and youthful nobles.  
The way to greatness was laid open to her.  
She might have stood high 'mong our British dames,  
Near to the golden canopy of kings.

CLAIRCY.

That hope is over, HENRY.

HENRY.

'Tis indeed,  
For she has sunk to where the basest peasant,  
Who begs her meal at yonder holy house,  
If innocent, may look on her with pity.

CLAIRCY.

It is too true, my son ; it is too true.  
Do not distract me, do not urge me more.  
Thou hast full cause for anger ; so have I.

I ought perhaps to curse her, to inflict  
Stern vengeance : but she is my flesh, my blood,  
And nature stays my arm.

HENRY.

Let every gate  
Be guarded with suspicion's wakeful eye,  
That MORTIMER no secret entrance find.  
Till he has fall'n, be strictest watch observ'd.

CLAIRCY.

What means my son ? Thou shak'st ; thou bit'st thy lips ;  
And fiery wildness flashes from thy eyes.  
What canst thou mean, O HENRY ?

HENRY.

Mean, my father ?  
With vengeance to appease insulted honour ;  
To prostrate MORTIMER beneath my sword,  
And with his blood wash out our infamy.

CLAIRCY.

But he is gone, my son, is far away :

Thou canst not reach him.

HENRY.

I have trac'd his route :

And, ere to-morrow's sun descend, the wretch

Shall feel that he dishonour'd CLAIRCY's sister.

*(Enter a Servant.)*

SERVANT.

The horses, sir, await you.

HENRY.

I am ready.

Go, bid my servant speed before to Monmouth.

Let me not wait a moment in the town.

*[Exit Servant.]*

CLAIRCY.

My son, thou wilt not go : thou wilt not leave

Thy aged fire to solitary grief,

When he most wants thee, wants thy filial care,  
Thy counsel, and thy fondness.

HENRY.

      'Twill be short,  
My absence will be short. And think how light  
Our griefs will press, when greatly thus reveng'd.

CLAIRCY.

But there is danger, HENRY, there is danger.  
If thou should'st fall !

HENRY.

      Fear not. I feel, I feel  
A more than mortal vigour nerve my arm :  
The spirit of my injur'd ancestors,  
The soul of generous knighthood, beats within me :  
Who shall withstand me in the cause of honour ?

CLAIRCY.

O I am old, my son, infirmity  
Breaks me apace ; and grief will crush at once



The frame, which nature yet awhile may spare.  
Thou only canst support me : now I view thee,  
Now I can lean my trembling limbs against thee,  
Can close thee round. Thy mother, boy, is dead ;  
EMMA is lost to me ; now thou wilt go :  
These things are fore against me. If thou fall,  
Thou wilt bring down my grey heirs to the grave  
With sorrow. I shall weep for thee, my son,  
My son, till my heart burst. Thou shalt not go.

## HENRY.

Thy griefs, thy lamentations, wring my breast :  
But, O my fire, remember, now remember,  
The lofty words of honour taught by thee.  
It was the noble business of thy manhood  
To rear me in the school of chivalry.  
If MORTIMER still walk the earth unpunish'd,  
Thy proudest hope, the fruit of all thy toils,  
Drops in an hour : no knight will own thy HENRY ;

He must not stand in royal Edward's court,  
Nor lift his lance at tilt or tournament.  
Thou wilt survive the fame of all thy house,  
Wilt see thy daughter and her coward brother  
Consign'd alike to lowest infamy.

## CLAIRCY.

O thou art noble, boy ; thy heart is great ;  
Thou art the son thy aged fire would own :  
Thou hast awak'd my ancient soul within me.  
Go, my brave boy, to honour : wait not, HENRY,  
Lest thy old father's sorrows urge him on  
To ask, what he would grieve that thou should'st grant.

[*Exit Henry.*]

(*Enter EMMA.*)

## EMMA.

It was my brother, sure, who parted hence.  
O how it comforts me to 'scape his fight !  
And have I liv'd to cheer me with such comfort ?

'Twas never thus before. It was my joy,  
My pride, to waste with him the summer days,  
And hold in sprightly innocent sport the youth  
Honour'd in camps and tourneys. Chang'd indeed !  
Now, after two years' absence, I avoid him  
Rejoicing. He departs in sterner mood,  
Disdaining speech with an unworthy sister.  
My father !

CLAIRCY.

Daughter !

EMMA.

Sir !

CLAIRCY.

My child !

EMMA.

Oh ! oh !

CLAIRCY.

I come, my child—look up, I'm not in wrath ;

I am cool, very cool—as duty prompts —  
I come—

EMMA.

Merciful heaven, support me now !

CLAIRCY.

I come, God is my judge with what heart grief,  
To tell my daughter, that though sunk in shame,  
Though from the state o'th' high and virtuous fall'n,  
Though by a stern world pass'd in coldness by,  
That yet—— *[Emma looks up.]*

My child, my child, how art thou chang'd !  
Thy cheeks are pale and fall'n, thy eyes are sunk,  
And all their brightness gone. I hardly know thee ;  
The wretched father hardly knows his child.

EMMA.

I have known much sorrow.

CLAIRCY.

Gracious God of heaven !

I tremble for thy life.

EMMA.

Canst thou then with

That I should still exist? Thou canst not, canst not.

CLAIRCY.

I gave thee life, and I would still preserve it.

EMMA.

To what am I to live but shame and sorrow?

CLAIRCY.

Thy father will protect, will solace thee.

Come near to me.

EMMA.

No fly me, rather fly me.

This tenderness can be but momentary;

For, O my fire, I know thou must abhor me.

CLAIRCY.

That I again shall love thee with that fondness

I felt till yesterday, can hardly be.

But I will not abandon thee, my daughter,  
Nor drive thee on to heavier guilt and sorrow ;  
I will not in thy utmost need forsake thee,  
Nor cast thee off when most my care is wanted.  
Here be thy shelter : cherish but contrition ;  
Thou shalt not hear one harsh word of upbraiding.

EMMA.

Can it be so, my fire ?

CLAIRCY.

So by the holy fairs.

EMMA.

Then hear me, hear thy poor repentant child  
Pour out her soul in sad sincerity.  
That I have sinn'd beyond all hope of pardon  
Here upon earth, I know. High virtue's law,  
Rigid, but just, holds such severity ;  
And I obey without a murmur. High  
I lift my hope to that almighty Power

Whose attributes are mercy, peace, and love.  
He may be mov'd by penitence and pray'r.  
To him in peace and sacred privacy  
I would devote the remnant of my days.  
These valleys, woods, and wild sequester'd banks,  
Chosen by holy men for solemn musings,  
Will calm my thoughts, and lift my heart to God.  
Thou too shalt join me, fire my rising soul,  
And lead me upwards on to brighter worlds.  
These are thy EMMA's thoughts : but first, my fire,  
Let my sad heart be cheer'd with thy forgiveness :  
Let me not bend before the sacred shrine  
With thy displeasure hanging heavy o'er me.

CLAIRCY.

Take my forgiveness. May thy heavenly Father  
With equal mercy look upon thy frailty.

EMMA.

Blessing upon thy venerable head !

The tears will flow, they flow from joy, from rapture,  
Mingled with sad and dutiful contrition,  
That I have wrung with anguish one so good.

CLAIRCY.

Thou art my child again. Come to my arms,  
That shall embrace thee close.

EMMA.

I cannot look on thee

While thou art melting thus in fondness o'er me.  
How could I grieve thee? How, to shake thy frame,  
Join with decaying nature? How forget  
Thy eighteen years of love and tenderness,  
Thy nightly watchings, fears, and fond forebodings,  
When pain or sickness seem'd to threaten me;  
Thy griefs, thy joys, in tenderest sympathy;  
Our daily walks, gay converse, innocent sports,  
To which thy grave years stoop'd for love of EMMA?  
O how could I forget? O'er me they come



In dreadful visitation, while I make thee  
Scatter the grey hairs from thy head in anguish,  
And flush thy furrow'd cheeks with burning shame.

CLAIRCY.

Thy penitence is all thy father pray'd for.  
Thou shew'st it, child : he feels it at his heart.  
It will do much to bring back peace and comfort.  
Come, stay thy tears.

EMMA.

I cannot, O I cannot :  
Fierce passions in disorder wild at once  
Tempest my bosom. Shame, severe contrition,  
Grief for thy bitter sufferings, holy hope,  
With awful apprehension and dread fancies,  
Pass rapid through my mind in strange succession,  
And shake me, that my reason scarcely holds.

CLAIRCY.

Come, O my daughter, calm thy troubled breast,

Be penitent and happy : when our God  
Sees the poor sinner quit his evil way,  
He pities and forgives. From the vain world  
Retir'd, in these romantic vales and woods,  
Thou and thy aged father will repose  
Well pleas'd ; at morn, at noon, at evening hour,  
Will at the sacred altar bend, and breathe  
Such prayers as rise to heav'n, and entrance find.

## EMMA.

Yes, holy Power, humbly before thy throne  
I'll pour in fervent penitence my moan :  
Mov'd by contrition, won by pious pray'r,  
Thou may'st in mercy take me to thy care,  
Assist my strong resolve no more to roam,  
And welcome the returning wanderer home.

## CHORUS. I. 1.

O that in characters of light  
Some hand on heaven's broad arch would write

The just immutable decree,  
Which linketh guilt to misery.  
How vain are wealth and proud degree  
The bitter falling tear to dry !  
Not all Arabia's rich perfumes,  
Nor all Sicilian Enna's blooms,  
With all the sweets that lull the sense of woe,  
By heav'n-born music's magic sounds possess'd,  
One charm, one transitory charm bestow,  
To ease the pangs of guilt, which agonize the breast.

## I. 2.

Pure from the sovereign Maker came  
A work divine, the human frame.  
Virtue, as still in heaven possess'd,  
Was on the noble mind bestow'd,  
And in the yet unfullied breast  
A mild angelic pleasure glow'd :  
Round he threw his glistening eye,

Image of perfect purity :

And while erect the godlike creature stood,

Celestial voices loud Hosannas sang :

Up from his work the great Creator rode ;

Shouted the morning stars, the Empyrean rang.

I. 3.

But when, unhappy victim, Man

The dark career of guilt began,

The passions seiz'd him, demon powers,

And storm'd with furious heat the breast :

His alter'd heart the pleasant bowers

Of Paradise no longer blest.

No more angelic converse charm'd his ear ;

And sacred presence fill'd his conscious soul with fear.

II. 1.

In evil hour from Virtue's way

Didst thou, O beauteous Mourner, stray :

Then, exile from thy sullied breast,

Back to her heavenly mansion flew  
Sweet Innocence, the cherub guest,  
And all her radiant train withdrew ;  
Mild Peace, whose smiles ev'n angels bless ;  
And Virtue's handmaid, Happiness ;  
Meekness serene ; and blushing Modesty ;  
Bright Cheerfulness, with flowery garment gay ;  
And Hope, who loves beneath the morning sky  
On youth's delightful path to shed her golden ray.

## II. 2.

In that sad hour the demon train  
Of passions seiz'd their new domain :  
Remorse, her vulture hovering near,  
Regret, whose tears are never dry,  
Pale-visag'd wildly-starting Fear,  
And Shame, with basely bended eye,  
And Melancholy, morbid maid,  
Who pines in deepest darkest shade.

And when at times, charming the troubled air,  
Mercy with radiant smile look'd down from high,  
In rush'd, with fullen countenance, Despair,  
And clos'd in baleful gloom the falsely smiling sky.

## II. 3.

How dead to thee, O child of woe,  
The joy which nature's charms bestow !  
Again along the laughing sky  
Shall morn her golden tresses fling ;  
Again midst warbled melody  
Shall sweetly smile the rosy spring :  
But thou shalt never, hapless Fair, delight  
In spring's enchanting smile, or morning's radiance  
bright.

## EMMA.

To what unnumber'd sufferings was I born !  
HENRY will fall ; and, like some fiend of night,  
I only live to spread destruction round.

Ere this he has met MORTIMER. His fall,  
His fall is certain ; for in this bad world,  
If I may trust to story or experience,  
The guilty triumph, and the virtuous die.  
Murder ! Methinks he lies before me now,  
All wrath o'erpast, forgiving me in death.  
Who's there ? How guilt hath alter'd me ! Each sound,  
Though but o' th' trembling aspin, shakes my frame.

(Enter CLAIRCY.)

CLAIRCY.

My EMMA forrowing still, still bath'd in tears ?

EMMA.

My father, O what punishments hereafter  
Threaten the wretch like me ?

CLAIRCY.

Peace, peace.

EMMA.

No, no,

There is a something here that rests not. Hark !

Didst thou not hear a groan ?

CLAIRCY.

From whence, my child ?

EMMA.

From yonder dell, o'erspread with beeches.

CLAIRCY.

No.

EMMA.

I did. And it has made my heart's blood cold.

Support me ; I shall sink. I wonder, fire,

That thou canst hear such terrible forebodings,

And tremble not. Listen.

CLAIRCY.

I do, my child :

The sun is shining, all is peaceful round us.

EMMA.

Is it not said, that nature gives strange signs



As warnings, when the mortal hour approaches?

CLAIRCY.

It is.

EMMA.

Then death is busy in our house,  
And shakes this moment o'er us his dread dart.  
Hear me. When late I sunk to rest this morning,  
I sat methought alone beneath this oak.  
High shone the moon, the laurel copses gleam'd;  
The air was hush'd; and distant water-falls  
Through the soft stillness swell'd. The ample sky  
I gaz'd, in meditation wrapp'd: when, lo!  
From yon dark dell, o'erspread with beeches, burst  
The groan as of a sadly dying man,  
Scaring the sense: I sprung with hasty step,  
And bursting through the yielding coppice, saw  
On the steep bank, my brother, dreadful sight!  
Outstretch'd on the green grass, a breathless corse.

As I do live, I heard the self-same groan  
Breath'd from the dell but now.

CLAIRCY.

O HENRY, HENRY,

Then thy last hour is come : my boding mind  
Forefaw too well the destiny that waits thee.  
Perhaps ere this I have no son.

EMMA.

My father,

Hast thou forebodings ? Hast thou cause of fear ?

CLAIRCY.

O EMMA, all thy woes are yet to come.

[*Exit Claircy.*

EMMA.

There is no need, there is no need of more :  
This frame will not support them. Gracious Heaven,  
Can I be doom'd to heavier maledictions  
Than those upon my head ? O how I long

To be at rest ! Farewell ye tranquil hours ;  
Sweet peace of mind, farewell : the guilty EMMA  
Knows you no more. O when shall I be laid  
In the still grave ! There shame will have an end ;  
And grief and apprehension be no more.

(*Enter MORTIMER, disguised.*)

MORTIMER.

Pardon, fair maid : thy sorrows fill these woods,  
And I would fain quiet thy troubled breast  
With high and hallow'd counsel.

EMMA.

Holy father,

The peace of heav'n be on thee all thy days !  
Soft is this with of Christian charity ;  
But I am past the hope of earthly comfort.

MORTIMER.

Great is the potency of pious prayer,  
And strong the avail of interceding saints,

Charming the offended Majesty of heaven.

EMMA.

Peace, holy father. There are hopes for such  
As dare look up for mercy ; wretch that I am,  
For me no faint nor pious man can plead.

MORTIMER.

Cease, gentle lady, cease thus wilfully  
To limit that high mercy which is boundless.

EMMA.

O I shall need it in its largest compass.

MORTIMER.

Then hear me, lady : giddy fortune's wheel  
Is ever moving. Whom to-day it sinks  
To lowest state, to-morrow it may raise  
To its high top, region of joy and sunshine :  
Thou art ascending in the changeful round.  
The dawn is breaking fast ; in me behold  
The gladsome harbinger, the morning star :

Why dost thou look with such wild eagerness ?

EMMA.

Am I deceiv'd ? that voice, that well-known form,  
Those features, though disguised,——

MORTIMER.

EMMA, my EMMA ! *[Throws off his disguise.]*

EMMA.

Away, away, away ;

Thou fright'nt my soul, thy presence makes me tremble.

MORTIMER.

Will not my EMMA deign a word, a look  
On MORTIMER, once lov'd, and ever loving ?

EMMA.

O God of heaven, if thy name be mercy,  
If the poor penitent be seen by thee  
With pity ; if thy viewless spirits e'er  
Descend to aid the willing but weak mortal,  
Who cries to thee, support me now.

MORTIMER.

EMMA, EMMA!

EMMA.

I was prepar'd for hard calamities,  
For woes most heavy ; but this dreadful trial,  
This presence hateful, insupportable,  
O'ermasters all my nature.

MORTIMER.

Hear, but hear me :

I come to heal thy griefs, to ease thy heart.

EMMA.

O MORTIMER, that I had never heard thee !  
I had not been the wretch which thou hast made me.

MORTIMER.

I have not made thee ; say not thou art wretched.  
In shame and anguish I departed, EMMA ;  
But I return in triumph, and rejoicing.

## EMMA.

For thee did I not stain our house's honour,  
Renounce my fame, break my sweet peace of mind,  
And dreadly hazard my immortal soul ?  
Didst thou not leave me thus ? I struggled hard  
With misery, bow'd myself with shame and grief  
Before the throne of heaven, and pray'd and wept  
With pangs unfeign'd. A little peace of mind  
Is now returning. O 'tis cruel, cruel,  
To break upon me, and disturb repentance  
With repetition of thy traitorous arts.

## MORTIMER.

Away with foul reproach, with sad complaint :  
I come the messenger of peace : a cause,  
A fatal cause, with studied privacy  
Deeply conceal'd, and but by death remov'd,  
Barr'd hitherto the holy marriage bond,  
And held my will enslav'd : 'tis past ; 'tis gone ;

And joyous thus I yield me to my EMMA.

EMMA.

But three days since, remember, MORTIMER,  
I listen'd to a tale of deepest fraud.

MORTIMER.

Lady, by every blessed saint I swear.

EMMA.

Look on the lofty heights that compass us.  
There's not a rock that shades thee, MORTIMER,  
Which has not echoed to thy vehement oaths,  
Stamping detested falsehoods.

MORTIMER.

Where are words,  
Where is the charm, by which the welcome truth  
May ope a passage to my EMMA's heart?

EMMA.

Artless and young, I trusted, MORTIMER,  
Once to thy strongly pledged word : I fell :



Heaven will, I hope, have pity on the weakness.  
But should I trust, and be deceiv'd again,  
I could not dare to hope from God nor man,  
Or pity, or forgiveness.

MORTIMER.

Lady, view

A suppliant most unworthy bend before thee.  
I do confess, that I did sorely wrong thee,  
And with a tale, which fiction fram'd, abus'd  
Thy kind and easy nature. I deserve  
No credence: I must murmur unbeliev'd  
My penitence: and yet it sure might move  
My EMMA's breast, that love by her inspir'd  
Was the sole parent of the unhappy fault,  
Which she upbraids, and MORTIMER deplores.

EMMA.

Hadst thou been true,  
But been, what unsuspecting I suppos'd thee,

There's not a charm, a power which earth doth own,  
Should have estrang'd my love : I would have serv'd  
thee

In bonds or death with absolute devotion.  
Friends, kindred, brother, father, native place,  
Had been as nothing : thou to me hadst been  
Father, and brother, and dear relative,  
And friend, and native place : I had trusted thee  
With an unbounded sway o'er my warm heart :  
There's not a joy, which the wide world contains,  
But had been plac'd within our easy reach.

MORTIMER.

The golden scene lies still in view before thee :  
O hasten, and possess it.

EMMA.

No, MORTIMER,  
Thou and my bosom are estrang'd for ever.  
Here, in the awful face of heav'n, I swear,

No power, no charm, no earnest protestation,  
Shall make me trust the man, who once betray'd me.

[*Exit Emma.*

(*Enter HENRY.*)

HENRY.

Amazement! Who art thou, that seem'st to bear  
The garb and gallant shew of knighthood? MORTIMER!  
Patron of knights in arms, St. George, I thank thee.  
The man whom most of all men I abhor,  
And whom for vengeance to remotest lands  
I would have follow'd: from this public haunt  
Retire we, and within yon secret glen,  
Beneath the beeches solitary shade,  
Begin the awful strife, which death must close.

MORTIMER.

On to the combat, proud defiancer.

HENRY.

One moment stay the sword. The cause betwixt us

So stern an aspect bears, that one or both  
Must in the fatal struggle yield up life :  
Let us upon this brink of being pause,  
And, as becomes Christians and fellow-foldiers,  
Exchange the charitable word of pardon.  
I do forgive thee, MORTIMER.

MORTIMER.

My guilt,  
Compar'd with thy forgiving nobleness,  
Takes a more horrid form, and shakes my frame.  
I do not seek thy life, thou gallant youth ;  
And if I fall, be not my blood upon thee.

HENRY.

It grieves me but to think that one so noble,  
So grac'd with fame of gallant enterprize,  
Should sink thus in his nature to pollute  
A noble lady's fame. Out, out upon thee,  
Thou spread'st a blur o'er valour, shewing thus

The foulness it may hide. The most renown'd,  
On whom suspicion never yet has blown,  
Must bear a taint from thy infirmity.  
Into the cup of hospitality  
Thou hast cast a deadly drug. Thy tale proclaim'd,  
Who will throw ope his door to youth, that holds  
In estimation due a daughter's fame ?  
'Tis guilt like thine, that severs man from man,  
Makes him to turn the dark suspicious eye  
On innocent smiles ; quenches benevolence ;  
And chills the heart with fear and mean distrust.

MORTIMER.

Lift up thy sword, and wound me not with words.

HENRY.

Into what shame and misery hast thou plung'd  
A house, that op'd its gates in friendship to thee !  
We stood upon the highest top of honour ;  
The world finil'd on us ; where our name was borne,

There flew our praises : we were as a tree,  
That, blest'd by summer, spreads its loaded boughs  
Over the fruitful plain. Thy spirit enter'd ;  
And, storm-like, shook down all our precious fruits,  
Ages shall never wear away our flame :  
The malice of the hard world hitherward  
Directs the pointing finger, gazing eye.  
A parent beats his breast in desperate grief,  
Keener than all the pangs of age or sickness :  
And in a brother's heart is fix'd a thorn,  
Which time shall ne'er expel.

MORTIMER.

O torture, torture.

HENRY.

What, dost thou shrink ? To wring thy heart indeed,  
And force out very life-drops, look to EMMA.  
She was our joy, our pride : her thoughts were pure  
As those of heavenly faints : honour severe,

Soften'd by grace, she own'd : health flush'd her cheek,  
And peace was hers, and pleasure. Mark her now ;  
Mourning alone. No tongue will bid her welcome,  
No pitying friend soothe her desponding heart.  
Her presence, like the mildew'd air, is baleful :  
Ev'n they, whom nature draws by instinct to her,  
Own her with blushes. Vain will be repentance,  
And ineffectual all her future virtues ;  
For she must linger on from year to year,  
Hopeless in grief, and die at last in shame.

MORTIMER.

O HENRY, there are daggers in thy words  
Sharper than any which thy hand can bear.  
On to the combat, on.

HENRY.

Now, EMMA, now,

Thus for thy greatly-injur'd name I strike ;  
Thy wrongs rise up in dreadful form before me,

And nerve me with a potency resistless.

Now to thy heart, detestable seducer.

[*Exeunt Mortimer and Henry.*]

CHORUS.

1.

O for the falcon's wing, to fly  
To utmost bound of sea and sky,  
Where the great sun in fiery state  
Comes forth from out the eastern gate,  
Or, far from earth's green islands, laves  
His chariot in the Atlantic waves.

So should this horrid fight  
Not shake us with affright,  
Nor hostile outrage dread  
This thunder round our head.  
See the deeds of death begin ;  
Hear the armour's direful din.

Great Power, to whom the innocent are dear,



Whose hand for justice strikes, be his the conquering  
spear.

## 2.

Ha ! bursting on the blasted fight,  
Apparent o'er yon cloudy height,  
A form, whose shape what eye may trace,  
Moves on with slow disorder'd pace.

He comes. Around his head

The shades of night are spread :

Above the hostile pair

He hovers dark in air :

Lo ! with a frown, that chills the heart,

He shakes in silence drear his dart,

And points to where o'er distant regions lie

Shadows on shadows roll'd, unpierc'd by mortal eye.

## 3.

Fearful spirit, spare the brave :

Call not to an early grave

Him, whom virtuous honour arms ;

Him, whom generous glory warms :

On the base adulterer's head,

On the wretch whom crimes appal,

On the coward, pale with dread,

Let thy fatal arrows fall.

Lo ! willing pain thy call obeys ;

And age rebukes thy long delays.

Spare then the youth, upon whose growing state  
Grandeur, and high renown, and sacred virtue, wait.

## 4.

On they rush : they meet, they close :

Dreadful fall the frequent blows ;

Quick as lightning through the sky

Thousand fiery sparkles fly.

Now upon the conflict wait,

Vengeance hovering through the storm ;

Justice, Terror sternly great,

And injur'd Honour's awful form.

'Tis done, 'tis o'er : he falls, he dies :

Stretch'd in death the recreant lies.

And lo ! the youth by chivalry ador'd

Comes towering in his might, and waves the conquering  
sword.

SEMICHORUS.

O horror, horror ! Sisters, cease the strain :

Lo ! fainting to the earth the youth declines :

He droops ; he falls.

SEMICHORUS.

Ill-omen'd fatal day !

Alas for thee, unhappy fire ! What woes

Mournful as thine, in sad misfortunè's page,

Ere wak'd the tender tear ?

SEMICHORUS.

Afflicting sight !

See EMMA and her hapless fire approach :

In anguish o'er the dying youth they bend.

SEMICHORUS.

O early lost : O flower of beauteous bloom,  
Just open'd, and for ever clos'd by death.

SEMICHORUS.

Hope was enamour'd of his gallant spirit,  
And grac'd his fame with richest blazonry.  
Sad state of man ! the virtuous soonest die.

SEMICHORUS.

O come, ye guardian spirits, who attend  
On innocence or meek repentance, come,  
And o'er the lost unhappy EMMA's breast  
Diffuse some sweet oblivious charm ; for where,  
O where hath yon all-seeing sun survey'd  
Affliction sad as hers ? Poor penitent,  
Alas ! her woes almost exceed her crime.

SEMICHORUS.

The struggle's o'er : his gallant soul hath fled :

For lo ! his corse, in melancholy train  
Slow-borne, approaches this unhappy home.

## SEMICHORUS.

How weak is human hope ! how transient joy !  
In other state, with thoughts of different kind,  
We saw him go in warlike glory forth,  
Or proudly through the gorgeous tourney move.

## SEMICHORUS.

Where, O holy spirit, where,  
While human passions rage, and human care,  
Repose or bliss shall Virtue find ?  
O'er all the wide terrene,  
O point the spot serene,  
Where she in peace her sunny locks may bind,  
Where grace her life with each celestial deed,  
And on her brow unfoil'd wear her immortal meed.

---

Virgins, raise your thoughts sublime  
Above the clouds of this tempestuous clime.  
Virtue for happier worlds was made :  
Beyond the starry sky  
Those blissful mansions lie,  
Where her immortal form in peace is laid;  
And all the airy void eternal rings  
With those harmonious strains, which rapt Urania sings.

*(Scene draws, and discovers the dead body of HENRY.)*

EMMA, CLAIRCY, and CHORUS.)

SEMICHORUS.

O melancholy scene ! severe distress !  
Too much for nature. Tears will flow, and groans  
Burst from the aching heart. Here HENRY lies,  
His ashy cheek deform'd with blood, his sword  
Careless beside him thrown.

SEMICHORUS.

Distressful sight !

Let us approach. We may by gentle offices  
Assist the sufferers.

SEMICHORUS.

To the fire attend ;

Let us, if possible, wean his attention  
From his dead son.

CLAIRCY.

They shall not keep me from him. O my son,  
My son !

SEMICHORUS.

Thy EMMA, sir, requires thy care.

CLAIRCY.

Thou wert the bravest, the most beautiful,  
'That ever lifted sword. Hadst thou but liv'd,  
Thou might'st have joy'd me with thy warlike fame,  
And grac'd my old age with thy chivalry.

For thee I would have liv'd, have borne the sting,  
Which EMMA hath fix'd here : I hoped to see  
Thy children rise around me, and to teach them  
The names and ancient glory of their fires.  
But all is past : our house is now extinguish'd,  
And, like the old oaks round our battlements,  
Fell'd by the storm of yesterday, I lie  
In ruins on the ground. My son, my son,  
My latter end will be most full of sorrow ;  
These woods, these rocks, the peaceful banks of Wye,  
Where I have been most happy, will be now  
Hateful to me, for I have known thee midst them,  
Through blissful years have known thee. I shall meet  
thee

In every bower, see thee beneath each tree,  
Miss thee at prayer, at meal, at evening walk,  
And stand and wring my hands in secret anguish,  
And think how I have lov'd thee.



## CHORUS.

Calm thy griefs,  
And wake to other comforts.

## CLAIRCY.

Never, never ;  
The young may find new friends, new sympathies ;  
But I am old : our hearts are chill'd : the world  
Regards us not ; and when our children fall,  
All joy to us hath perish'd. O my son,  
I am bereft of all, now thou art gone.

## CHORUS.

Soothe with soft speech, O virgins, EMMA's mind.  
Perhaps her converse may assuage his griefs.  
EMMA, how fares my EMMA ? BIRTHA speaks.

## SEMICHORUS.

Look not upon his cold corse so intensely.

## EMMA.

O ye sad relics of the dearest youth,

I should be base indeed, did I depart  
Ere I had pour'd my foul in anguish o'er you.  
O HENRY, O my brother, O dear youth !  
I sent thee forth at morning flush'd with health,  
And beating high with hope : now thou dost lie  
Pale on the earth, never to rise again.  
The courtly feast, the war, the gallant tilt,  
Shall be again ; but thou no more shalt grace them.  
O hadst thou perish'd on the field of glory,  
And on the northern mountains laid thy limbs !  
But thou hast fall'n beneath a villain's hand,  
Fall'n for a sister most unworthy, base,  
Abandon'd, lost : O God, at what an hour,  
At what an hour, I flew thee ! Our poor father  
Was sad, was lonely ; thou could'st solace him,  
Could'st still preserve his house's honour, still  
Warm his cold heart with hope. Now thou art gone,  
And he has none to comfort him.

CLAIRCY.

Peace, EMMA :

We must be patient, bear with one another :  
For we must drink a cup that's full of sorrow,

EMMA,

And thou must drink it, poor old man, alone,

CLAIRCY.

What say'st thou ?

EMMA,

I am near my journey's end.

I would fain stay till thou art gone, my father ;  
But nature—O I feel her failing here,

CLAIRCY.

I would not have thee live ; for in my mind  
The dead are blest'd.

EMMA.

Through eighteen years, and more,  
Thou hast been happy in me.

CLAIRCY.

Oh—h—h !

EMMA.

But for one fault, one miserable fault,  
I might have still been happy ; thou, poor father,  
Have pass'd thy age in peace ; and HENRY still  
Had been our pride, our comfort.

CLAIRCY.

O my daughter,  
Thy moanings, like the fang of adders, pierce  
My breast already wounded.

EMMA.

'Tis sad to see him  
Stretch'd out in death before me. O that noise !  
How it appals me ! I am very feeble,  
Feeble in mind and body, O my father.

CLAIRCY.

Why dost thou tremble ? Speak. I did but hear

Some flight noise outward.

EMMA.

'Twas the raven's wing,  
That 'gainst our window flapp'd. Where death is busy,  
That bird gives dreadful omen.

*(Bell tolls : both stand in silent grief.)*

CLAIRCY.

'Tis the knell  
Toll'd to the parting spirit of my boy.  
Would I were in my grave.

EMMA.

Ere the sun go down,  
O virgins, ye will hear it sound for me.  
Support me ; O support me : I grow faint.

CHORUS.

Let us conduct her from this mournful scene.

EMMA.

Thy dying daughter, sir, looks up to thee ;  
She owns her crime : O pity, and forgive her.

## CLAIRCY.

I am scarce able to endure this conflict.

There, take my solemn benediction, child,

And die, poor wretch, in peace.      [*Emma led out.*]

## SEMICHORUS.

Go, exhausted child of woe,

To those silent mansions go,

Where the storms of passion cease,

Where the mourner sleeps in peace,

Where at length united rest

The oppressor and the oppress'd.

He, to whom accepted rise

The repentant sinner's sighs,

Thy penitence, by sufferings tried,

And heavenly justice satisfied,

Gives at length a kind release,

And sends thee to the grave in peace.

Fear no more the thunder's might,  
Nor the spectres of the night :  
Fear not the seducer's wrong ;  
Fear not the defamer's tongue :  
Peaceful rest in holy ground ;  
And winged angels guard thee round.

## SEMICHORUS.

O sisters, it doth much affect my breast  
To mark the venerable fire. Excess  
Of anguish bows him : motionless he stands,  
And mute ; nor groan he heaves, nor tear lets fall :  
O try we, by religion's holy charm,  
Support and solace : her all-cheering voice  
Ne'er flows in vain, when Virtue pines oppress'd,  
Or pale Misfortune pours the bitter tear  
Repentant.

## CLAIRCY.

Yes, ye holy train, I know

The sweetness of her gentle influence ;  
 And much it will be needed. I was blest'd  
 With children, my delight, my pride, my hope.  
 I train'd them up to virtue, led them on  
 Upon the road to heaven. They have been snatch'd  
 In one short hour, with no offence of mine,  
 Snatch'd, snatch'd for ever from me.

SEMICHORUS.

Were this world  
 The bound of being, vain were high-soul'd virtue,  
 Unfruitful all our nobleness of nature,  
 And we might bow beneath calamity  
 Prostrate and base : but 'tis not.

SEMICHORUS.

Sisters, no :

We feel it is not : o'er yon starry sky  
 Borne far to heavenly regions, spirits pure,  
 At length made perfect, through eternal years



Live happy ; while angelic voices flow  
Melodious, and celestial harps resound.  
There the poor mortal, who submissive bears  
His human sorrows, is releas'd from cares :  
For God in mercy tries us here with pain,  
And not one patient sufferer mourns in vain.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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